

UPSTART

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issue two
august 1998

mid-America scooter rally unites our nation's scene (p. 12)

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Plus:
Interviews with
Last Call, Degeneration
and Kelly's Heroes; a ton of reviews
and much, much more..



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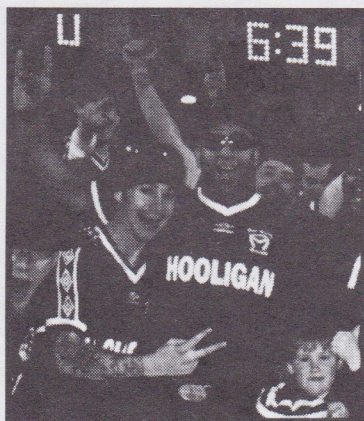
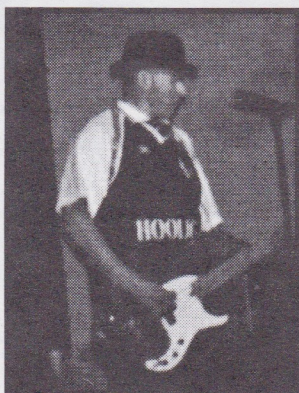
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contents



22



20

16

UPSTART

Issue Two Volume One August 1998

scooter rally unites..... 12

departments

from the editor 4

rants 6

*Oil...Kiss your
working-class-ass good-bye* 6

A.C.A.B. 7

Waaaaahh! another sellout 8

Ska didn't used to suck 9

Made in America 10

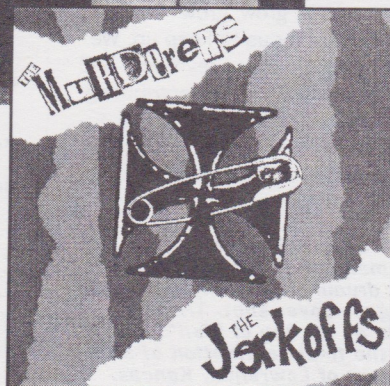
war of words 16

Last Call of Atlanta 16

Kelly's Heroes of Lawrence 20

Degeneration of Minneapolis 22

judgements 26



30



27

from the editor

Here you have it, Issue #2 of the Midwest's premier oi!/Streetpunk zine. Our first issue blew up like the fat man at Hiroshima and we got a chorus of elated miscreants telling us we rule their lives like Darth Vader ruled the empire. I have no doubt this issue will leave your skinned head tingling for more.

In this issue we feature interviews with Atlanta's **Last Call**, **Degeneration** from Minneapolis, and our neighbors from Kansas, **Kelly's Heroes**. A feature on the Kick Back and Relax Again Scooter Rally, plus articles on "911" skinheads, the demise of skinny Wonder bread ska and words of wisdom from Trash Leblanch, Saint Jason and more.

Now down to the dirty work. "Oi!...Get Back To Work Sunday" the monthly oi! showcase in Kansas City is looking for a new home. The Grand Emporium has been great, but it is exclusively 21 and over and I know show attendance would increase if shows were all ages. If you have any suggestions please let me know.

A new all ages club opened its doors in Kansas City only to have them shut on the first night of business. Millenium, sounded like in had all its cards in order but the cops showed up anyway. We'll have to see what happens. The Hi Jinx in Lawrence KS presents a weekly oi!/ska night each Sunday, a mix of DJs and live bands for crowds 18 and over.

The **Main Street Saints** have released a new 7" "World Cup Year" limited pressing. Also be on the look out for the **Do-A-Runner** compilation CD which features two tracks from the Saints and about 15 others including the Templars, Anti Heros, Lower Class Brats and more.

A couple of new bands have popped up in the vicinity. First up is **80 Proof Sweat** spewing out spit, nut, rotgut, punk-rock-n-blues. The trouble-making trio is fronted by drunk-punk all-star Trash Leblanch.

The new girls on the block, **Sister Mary Rotten Crotch**, who enjoy the distinction of being the only all Catholic schoolgirl punk band in the Bible belt. The girls play their own erotic blend of filth and mayhem.

The youth of KC are also on the up-rise. Streetpunk bands **Tanka Ray** and **The Distorted** show that the kids from King City still got it in em' even if their pants don't fit.

Capitol City Patriots out of Lincoln NE have had a change in line up. Capitol Bill on bass decided it was time move on, and has been replaced with a mystery bass player.

If you have any information on any nose-to-the-grindstone punk rock, oi! or working-man's ska bands in the Midwest get in touch with us so we can spread the word. We also want to hype-up radio stations, venues and everyone else who grinds their dick to a stump trying to keep the integrity

in music. We're also on the lookout for bands, vendors, sponsors and at least 700 motivated drinkers to come to next summer's oi! fest and Scooter Rally supernova extravaganza.

As always you get a jockstrap full of the best reviews of the best music the world has ever known.

From England to Belgium, New York to Sacramento we've overturned every Stone Temple Pilot and every other sellout, mainstream, cocksucking alternative band to get the beat of the street.

If you're having trouble finding **UPSTART** (and if your reading it you're probably not) you can find it at many of the independent music and book stores in the Greater Kansas City and Lawrence areas. *(Fortunately, we won't be sold in any coffee shops where people talk both ways out their assholes and have no fuckin' clue as to what the topic is, because you can't read in coffee shops anyhow. It could just be me, but COULDNT YOU READ THAT FUCKING BOOK AT HOME!?!?!? What's the matter, did you spend all your money on coffee and have your lights turned off, so now you have to read in public. What's the fucking point of going out so you can READ? Unless, of course, you want people to see how cool you are reading an Anne Rice novel. For Christ's sake buy a clip-lamp and a can of Folgers and stay the fuck home!)* If you live in the further reaches of the great United States, however, you can order it direct from us for \$3ppd, \$4ppd for the rest of the world. If the postal system isn't your thing, you can stop in **Crash and Burn** in Atlanta and get your grubby mitts on a copy, also the brave souls at **Music Dimensions** in Oklahoma City have the balls to carry the **UPSTART** banner high. I hope to get greater distribution for this issue and all those following. If you would like to distribute **UPSTART** in your area, or you know of a great place where you would like to pick it up please call or e-mail me with info and for bulk rates.

We are still looking for contributors. We want the zine to grow, grow, grow. Currently it is near impossible for us to keep up. We are in search of contributors, reviewers and artists. If you are interested in contributing to the zine, the show or the rally please contact us at **UPSTART** P.O. Box 10005 Kansas City, MO 64171 or e-mail: tnord@pitch.com

About the cover: Thanks to Travis Alderson, member of **Originators S.C.** as well as drummer for **Kelly's Heroes**, for our August cover shot. Travis is shown here at the top of Well's Overlook, the final destination of a 25-mile bike tour of Lawrence, Kansas. One of many events played out at the mid-America scooter rally this past Memorial Day weekend.

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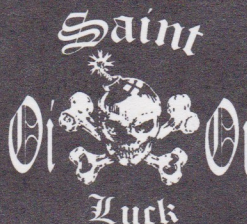
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rants

By Trash LeBlanc

**Oil...Kiss your
working-class-ass good-bye**

**Solidarity
or Social subjugation,
the Choice is ours!**

I'm no stranger to poverty, what one might consider financial strife, I call just another day of nothing. What some call currency, I call beer redemption coupons. What some call hard times, I call life and it sucks! When I look back at my socioeconomic status (or lack thereof) I realized, even at an early age, that being white did not make me any better than anyone else. Frankly being white didn't mean shit! In retrospect, the school of hard knocks taught me some valuable lessons. It taught me who my real enemies are: white cops, white judges, white politicians, all of which looked down upon me as if I were not worthy of walking the same ground or breathing their precious oxygen.

Instead of judging one by the color of their skin, I discriminate against the upper echelon of society. I hate rich people. They are, in my opinion, arrogant, snobbish,

elitist pricks. Its easy for you to sit back and say "oh, this guy is just jealous". Is it bourgeoisie envy? Am I bitter at life for dealing me a bad hand? Maybe. Both are logical reactions, and are indeed characteristics of human nature, but my rage goes far beyond such petty emotions. I feel the distribution of the worlds wealth is

all wrong. We've heard the old cliché "The rich get richer, and the poor do all the fucking work". Which is seemingly obvious, but is conducive to my theory that we will all see the annihilation of the middle class in the next twenty years. Through Reganomics, the Bush disaster and now this asshole Bill Clinton, who, through their lobbyism and so called free trade have sold America down the river. They are responsible for the erosion of the working class. America is not run by men, but by money. Who do you think has all the fucking money? 3% of the population controls 90% of this nation's wealth (not counting Uncle Sam's cut). So few profit so greatly from the efforts of so many who receive so little in return.

Then there are the times when true solidarity is achieved. It is such a scary proposition for the powers that be that they will do anything, including murder (Hoffa) to insure their power. The weeding out of unions and other bipartisan organizations are a classic example of that. Not to mention the companies, "cleaning house" getting rid of old-timers, real working class heroes, ready to retire, to make room for cheaper entry level employees. Or just closing shop and moving to a third world nation where labor will run them a mere 30¢ an hour.

I believe classicism, not racism will be the dividing line that separates America. Allow me to cite an example: A good friend of mine went up to a state trooper angered at the fact that he had just shut down our show at the request of a neighbor who lived over a mile away. My friend asked him "What is your job, what is it that you do, why are you here?" And that sullen cocksucker turned to him and replied, "It's simple son, I am here to separate the 'haves' from the 'have-nots'. I must give credit to that fucking pig for his brief moment of honesty. Another good example is the gentrification of my old neighborhood in Chicago. Rent became increasingly higher, driving out minorities, myself included, making room for more affluent tenants. Which was/is the case with Cabrini Green. These notorious Chicago housing projects are to be demolished, and mixed income housing to be built in it's place. The different races and income brackets are to live in harmony under a rainbow... It's bullshit, a bold faced lie, and I called it from the get-go. The near-north property is worth a mint and will soon flourish with yuppie infested scum. My only hope is that the cut-throat drug dealers, thugs and gang-bangers will remain in the area to terrorize the new occupants as they did the old. But I am sure the Chicago police will be there to separate the "haves" from the "have-nots"!

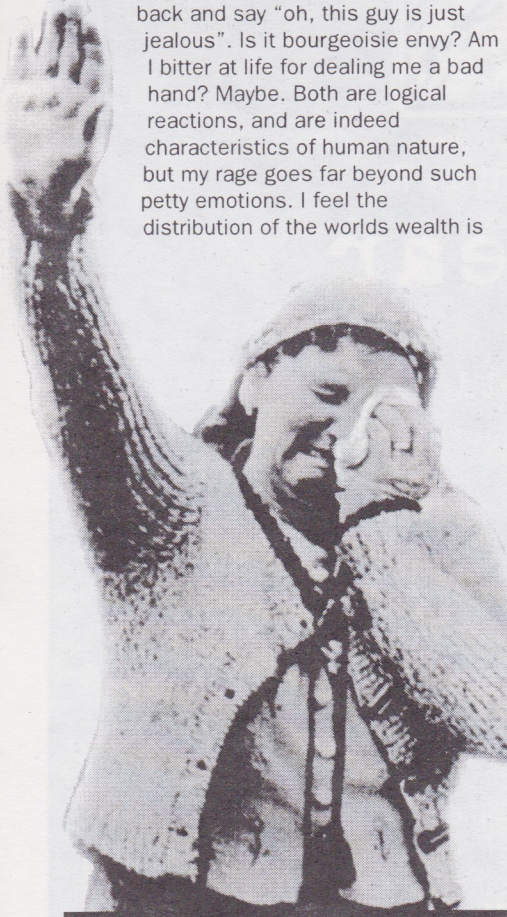
I am a classist! Is it wrong to be classist, I haven't yet decided. I despise

racism as well as sexism. I basically feel the same way most "Politically Correct" people feel. Yet your average neo-liberal, P.C., vegan, eco-warrior might be inclined to call me a fascist for hating people strictly on the basis of being rich. Well, if that constitutes fascism than ZIEGFUCKINHEIL!!!! I fucking loath them, I loath their status symbols, their smug pompous attitudes, their jock tough guy machismo. The fact that most of them either stabbed the backs of their cohorts or sucked cock to get up the corporate ladder. I despise their holier-than-thou self righteousness, their armchair politics and shit house philosophies. When I look at some college kid in a Mercedes-Benz, I don't think "there is someone who has reaped the rewards of years of hard work and dedication" or when I hear a group of yuppies at a bar arguing over who's credit card shall pay the tab. I don't see brethren camaraderie, friends genuinely concerned for one another, I see status seeking social climbers! When I see a pot-bellied middle aged man in a hot rod, sports car, I immediately think THIS MAN'S PENIS NO LONGER FUNCTIONS! That corvette is just a phallic extension of his failed manhood. The fact that they look at ME as a festering boil on the ass of society pleases me. The fact that they fear me also gives me pleasure. But it is I who should fear them. They have the law on their side, and I have nothing, nothing but my pride, nothing but my self-respect and a shred of dignity. Things that money can't buy and no cop, prison or government can take that away from me.

I would not trade my drunken debaucheries punk-rock life-style for all the credit cards, luxury cars and suburban homes in all the world. Yes, you bastards, I would rather have some cheap beer, good friends and a punk rock gig over elite social circles and corporate expense accounts any day. Fuck the privileged. Fuck all the beautiful people, they disgust me. I am not pleasant to look at. My ugliness and deviant anti-social behavior instantly becomes grounds for their hatred of me and my kind. This, I believe, is testament to their shallowness. Yes! I am stereotyping! And yes! I am passing a blanket judgement! And Goddammit it feels good, and I mean every fucking word of it!

I can see you shaking your head with derision and contempt. Shaking your head like a bull headed billy goat ready to ram a tree. Too stupid to realize it is the chain around its neck not the tree that binds it. Not unlike their human counterparts chained to society with a money chain! I shall now bid you farewell my fellow billy goats. Send hate mail and death threats to me at: trashleblanc@yahoo.com

This is our fucking country, let's take it back! Wake up America!





By Tim Nord

**A.C.A.B.
All cops are bastards....**

**Skinhead, skinhead never
left in peace always getting
picked on by the police...**

**Went to a party at the
county jail, won't let
skinheads out on bail...**

Damn, Damn, Damn! All classics from bands who have been playing to skinheads as long as I can remember. I have seen hundreds lip the words as these songs played over crowded parties. I mean, come on! All skins can relate to these songs. Shit, not just skinheads. Anyone who's been out to have a fun time only to have it ruined by the cops can relate to these songs. But for skins it's more important. Taking care of our own problems instead of crying to the cops like babies with shitty drawers is part of what we are.

I'm at a local tavern with my girlfriend a few years back drinking and having a laugh, hoping I'd get laid. The night was rolling to an end and we are stumbling to the car, one thing and one thing only is on my mind at this point—Superfuckinbootie. We spotted the car at the end of the lot, people all around us. Through my hazed vision I saw a couple of skins walking my way. Friends? I didn't recognize any of them, but who cares I was on my way to the fuck-shop. One of them says something

to me but I can't quite figure it out, I look up and CRACK!! A straight one to the jaw, then another. I stumbled across the pavement trying to catch my already altered balance; a swift kick to the midsection solved any problem with the faltering horizon. I hit the pavement hard. Suddenly I found myself at the wrong end of a bootparty. Too much attention had gathered on my would-be friends and they took off before any trouble for them arrived. I got myself up; a bootparty is never as bad as they look. I looked around to see if they were still in the area and I made my way home. What does not kill me makes me stronger, right?

Weeks have passed and there's a killer show down at Davey's tonight. I make a couple of phone calls and see what's up with the boys, we agree to hookup later at the show. The place is crowded and the bands are pounding out the songs one after another. I spend a lot of time surveying the crowd, just checking the people out and whom do I see? Why, I believe it's friendly sucker-puncher number one with his little waif indie rocker girlfriend, trying to look as hard as he can. The band breaks, and every one files for the door to get some fresh air between bands. Young thug number one is lead out by his leashmaster, and I follow him out. One thing that I've learned over the years is to be direct, and a bitch slap to the face is as direct as I get.

SMACK "What's up". Like a deer caught in the headlights, his little face drops in fright, I'm a little bigger than him, but not much. I also have my friends with me this time, but they respect me enough not to get involved. So once again I slap him, a nice fully open handed crack to the cheek. Oh he looked pretty with a cherry red hand print shining off his face. Still he's got that stupid look on his face. His way-too-fuckin'-hip-for-me girlfriend started to scream "you fuckin' asshole, he doesn't want to fight you!" "Why are you such a fucker!?" that had to make him feel like a man. For Christ's sake, this little punk and three of his friends jumped my shit, little fuckin' tough guys. And now, like a statue, he stands there. He won't raise his hands back to me, his face pulsating red from my slaps. A crowd of 40 people staring at him waiting for a reaction, nothing - pathetic, I thought to myself. I spit in his face and walked back in the bar to tend to my beer. As I go inside I can still hear the Kate Moss wanna-be yapping something about how not fighting back makes her man more of a man than me. I laugh out loud. It's been a good night I figure. But not even ten minutes pass when a friend tells me that there are two squad cars out front. For what!?! ME!!! You have to be fuckin' kidding me, the little bitchassskinheadwannabe

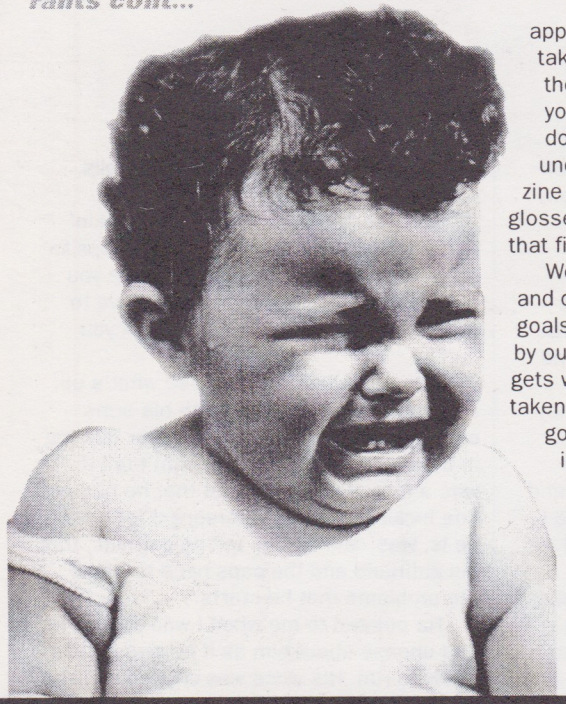
called the fuckin' cops. No fuckin' balls whatsoever!!!

Somebody please tell me how fuckin' PATHETIC one has to be to call the cops to enact their revenge. I'm thinking, are you such a cock-gagging ho' that you have to call in the FUCKING POLICE to back you up!?!?

I go out to the street to see what's up, and there he is, standing with his arms crossed, I swear to you a little tear forming in the corner of his eye. I couldn't tell if was a tear of joy or the fact that he had not one fuckin' ounce of self-respect left, that he is, was, and always will be pathetic, that his girlfriend and the cops need to settle the problems that he starts.

He pointed to me when I walked up. He had unease about him as if he was getting ready to run. His voice was choked up like an infant speaking between wails for its mother "That's the Fuqua". The little bitch-ass maxi-pad of a man actually sobbed, that's right sobbed, as he said it. How sweet and feeble. Here he is, boots-n-braces with a number-one crop. Seeing him was like looking at one of those London postcards of skinheads in the 70's. Except most of those images have the cops hauling a skinhead away, not coming to their rescue. Maybe that was the whole philosophy of his crew, jump somebody when you have them out numbered, then call the cops if you think you are gonna lose. I can see it now, they all probably have the "I support my local police" sticker on their little personal body alarms to alert the police of an uneasy confrontation. On nights when they go out to whoop some ass, they map out the local police stations so they know where to hide when the numbers even out on them.

The skinhead is a troublemaker, an upstart. That's why nobody likes us coming to shows or parties. Get a few brews in us then it's glory time, we expect those people to call the cops. When another skinhead calls the cops, that's a violation of everything held fuckin' sacred. A skinhead should solve his own problems, stand up for himself and his friends. At least take a beating like a man; not rely on the law to back his shit up. How can anyone who claims to be a skin hold his head up after he has done something as weak as call in for police protection and justice? What ever happened to "there's no justice, it's just us", what happened to backing up your own shit. I mean come on, if your gonna talk, walk and act hard you better back that up. Take responsibility. I'm sure all your tough talk impresses your girlfriend, but when push comes to shove and you high-tail your ass to the police you are nothing but a little punk and you have no right to call yourself a skin.



By Jane Charlotte

Being pissed off at 'sellouts' because you didn't think of it first.

Waaahhh!

Sellout (sel'out') n. 1. The act or an instance of selling out. 2. An event for which all the tickets are sold. 3. Slang. One who has betrayed one's principles or a cause.

I recently attended the MUMS II Conference here in Kansas City, Missouri hosted by the Coalition Against Censorship. The conference was composed of a few speakers and a forum with well known what's his nut of the Dead Kennedys. Our first speaker was Darby. Darby is publisher, editor, artist etc. for a San Francisco based zine *Ben is Dead*. Darby was less than an articulate speaker, lacking passion, sensibility and all around public performance savvy. She spoke to a small crowd of maybe thirty attendees ranging from crusty to clean-and-conservative. All of whom seemed to care little that she was attempting to confront a serious issue and more about socializing and collecting free stuff. Darby spoke of selling out.

Unfortunately for everyone who attended she was not as sharp as the public needed for her to be, so I will be. The question I pose: How do you define a sellout? According to some, selling out is even considering joining a major label or accepting advertising dollars from an established vendor or corporation. Why is that? Perhaps it is because we all know that these profiteering backers will and do ask the artist to alter subject matter,

appearance, music style or whatever it takes to satisfy the masses. That is their job. You can't make a profit unless you sell, sell, sell. As for a zine, when do you cross the line from an underground true-grit street reporting zine to a mainstream, regurgitating, glossed over book. Is it when you accept that first dollar from Epitaph or Sony?

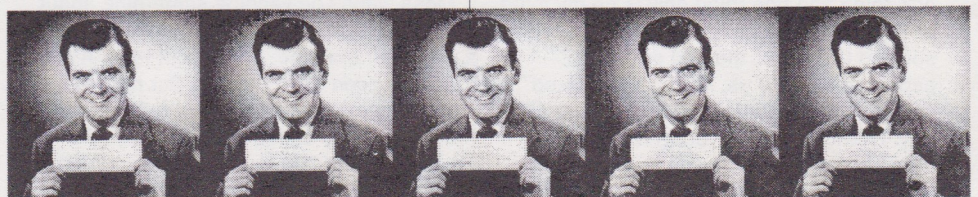
We have a choice to make as artists and consumers. We have to define our goals and stick to them. We have to stick by our guns no matter how much money gets waved in our face, or threatened to be taken away. When you lose sight of your goals and decide that the profit is more important than the cause, you have sold out. Selling out doesn't happen when you sign the record deal, it happens when you rewrite your goals and money becomes number one, no matter what the personal price. Selling out happens not when you accept the advertising dollars, but when you decide to alter the content of your zine, your character, your life in order to maintain a level

of advertising revenue. Selling out is easy, but so is labeling a sellout. We have to be careful as consumers not to jump in and disregard someone simply because of an association with someone else. We need to educate ourselves on what the matters really are at hand. The bottom line is that if Sony or Epitaph or Joe Bob's music shack wants to advertise in my zine, and give me money for it, I am going to take it. As long as my zine has remained true to my goal I shouldn't have anything to worry about. If the high-dollar world of consumerism wants to include my street rag in their advertising budget and they know that my rag consistently bashes the elite, rich, white male who runs this country, has no qualms about raw language, speaks frankly on the issues of sex and violence, and basically is no holes barred, and they still want to give me money, I would be a fool not to take it. I may believe in socialism, but I am not dumb. On the other hand, if these big-wig, Italian-suit wearing boys want me to tone down my rag, talk nice and sweet, put pretty pictures on the tops of the pages and chant Kumbaya, and then they will dish out the big money, this is how you sell-out. Say yes to even one of those things; alter the master-plan in any way to satisfy an advertiser, potential advertiser or even a reader or two and you have done the deed.

The lesson to learn here is watch out who you are calling a sellout. Make sure that before you go toting picket signs

around persuading people to stop reading Joe Bob's zine, or stop listening to his band or whatever. Make sure that Joe Bob has really sold out. Make sure that Joe Bob has really stopped being true to himself, and the scene. Make sure that Joe Bob hasn't altered the master-plan. Make sure before you start chanting sellout.

Something that we all need to be reminded of is what it takes to survive. If this audience were willing to shell out a few bucks on a regular basis to support local music and scenes and zines; artists and publications alike would not need to even have to consider support from major labels or corporations, much less the little guys. But the bottom line is the financial support from the local scene is slim at best. I have been to one too many show where everyone wants to be on the guest list. "I know the door man's third cousin Lou's girlfriend, and she said you would let me in for free." Who in the hell do you think pays the band? You don't really think the bar owner is shelling it out of his own pocket, do you? But you would rather save your money and spend it on cheap beer before the show (by the way, most cheap beer is manufactured by some really big corporation that you are supposedly so much against) or spend your money in the show on beer (by the way, beer sold in bars is usually manufactured by some big corporation that you are against). Instead of taking a measly portion of your money and paying to get in, or buying recordings or other stuff to support the band, you want to directly support the big, bad corporation by drinking the cheap piss-like beer that they manufacture. Waaaaahhhh! I am starting to get a little pissed. This audience is demanding of the information, demanding of the music and demanding of the scene, but generally unwilling to support it financially. I am tired of hearing people complain about sellouts or mainstream media sucks, radio sucks. Waaahhhh, waaaahhh, waaaaahhhh. Yet you do everything in your financial power to keep from supporting the thing you demand most. An alternative voice. Most of the local zines you read and the bands you favor pour their souls into producing the quality media you count on. In return, they count on your financial support through attending shows (and paying to get in), buying the LPs (instead of taping them off a friend), and buying the zines. Stop crying over your corporate manufactured beer and put up a buck and maybe, if your really nice, you'll get what you want.



By Sherwood Goodenough

Ska didn't used to suck

Every time I turn on my TV, my radio or my computer I hear another heartless, gutless anthem of the underaged and the unemployed.

This new Jello brand Ska exists so the cashed-up crusaders of the affluent middle class, with their PTA meetings, rear-facing car seats and missionary-position fantasies can feel comfortable looking through their children's CD racks.

I'm so fed up I'm ready to climb a water tower and go postal on everybody I see in a checkered polyester suit.

I'm not going to bullshit you baby, I'm poor.

And the last thing I want to hear is some whiny rich hooker rambling on about society, just being a girl or some guy that fucked her 'til it hurt. I don't have enough time or money to give a shit.

Ska didn't used to suck though. It used to be about the tragedies and triumphs of skinheads, rudies, mods and punks. The lyrics of ska were the chronicles of our history, our culture. Those songs were the distilled truths of a thousand skinhead lives beaten out of a Wurlitzer or ripped from the strings of a guitar.

I remember the good old days — being at SOB's nightclub in New York, going to go see "The Hardest Working Band in New York". I got in the door and it was wall-to-wall skins, punks and mods — every last one of them pressed, pleated and trying to get laid. When the Scofflaws hit that first note, the crowd started moving to the rhythm and didn't stop 'til the whole place was drunk and smelling like an armpit.

Back then I couldn't have imagined that in just a few years bands like Sugar Ray would piss down the throat of ska and get rich and famous for it.

I remember when I used to go see the Bouncing Souls because it was our music and everybody said they were nice guys. I didn't give them my money because they were good. I hated their shit back then, but they were our band. I was friends with a girl who fucked one of the guys in the band. We used to go to their house in New Brunswick, N.J. for parties. Who gave a shit if they were good or the sound guy got the levels right. The money I spent on a ticket to their show went to people I knew. That's the way it should be.

Don't get me wrong, I have nothing against bands making loot. Rancid made it big and more power to them. Biohazard had a video on MTV and I hope they sold a zillion CDs. These guys didn't sell out, they're just making money, and I hope they make more.

But me, give some fucking stranger my money? Some pasty-face alternateneer who I don't know from Adam? You must be high!

And Fuck going to a goddamn stadium and paying \$30 to go see The Bosstones, Goldfinger or The Urge. The Urge sucked when it cost \$8 to see them play at The Shadow with Slackjaw. And The Urge haven't exactly made any headlines thanking the skins and punks so don't expect to see me calling the Ticketron for tickets to their next gig.

There'll be high water in hell and a casino in the Vatican before I pay to hear my own music from somebody too good to hang out with me.

When Bad Manners comes to town, they sit at the bar and drink with their fans. They'll sit there for hours and listen to drunk skinheads tell them how much they love them, because they know how much it means to these guys. Let me ask you, how many of you have shared a pint with No Doubt?

Dignity is a precious thing to a man without means. When you work for 7 bucks an hour at a fucking pizza place or put in a 12-hour day as a security guard, a doorman or a journeyman, that ticket to a ska show is like your ticket to psychotherapy. One day out of the week or the month you get a chance to go out with your friends, put on a suit and porkpie, and skank till you drip sweat like a leaky faucet.

Most of us live in a world where we can't afford to give our kids, family and friends the material things they deserve, despite the fact we work like Kunta Kinte for motherfuckers who don't even know our names. And those few hours you spend at a show drinking and dancing may be all that reminds you of your dignity.

So when I hear bands like Inspector 7, The Skoidats, The Bishops and Shocks the Mighty you better get out from in front of me because my dick gets as hard as granite and as long as a javelin.

They may not be pretty, neatly packaged

media whores begging for a soundbite on MTV and an endorsement contract from Converse, but they're our bands.

I don't need some flat-chested blond in a sweaty half-shirt or some college-rock pansy with a chain wallet to keep me interested.

No, I want the real shit baby, that dirty ugly shit played by motherfuckers that just got off work. Because I love ska and I love to see the skins and punks play it.



rants cont...

By Saint "Big Sentence" Jason

Made in America What's Wrong With You?

The poor, the working poor; we're getting restless and we know where you live. We know this from cursing your attitudes, your life-style, your ignorance and greed. We curse the names of the privileged neighborhoods, boroughs and counties where you live. We curse your cars, your vacation homes, hell, your expense accounts and yer damn vacations.

You, corporate America, contrive to increase your profit margins by using tax incentives, tax-payer subsidized bonds, loans and corporate welfare. All gained politically; and for the most part legally. BASTARDS!! You finagle stock increases by down sizing, mergers, laying off workers and moving whole manufacturing divisions to foreign shores. All the while influencing our "duly" appointed government of "representatives" to contrive giving you these tax breaks and benefits; while increasing the tax burden on us. It is just not right, and the socio-economic conditions suffers because of it.

As you move factories and close jobs, there become fewer viable job opportunities for the newly unskilled and under educated. Some will turn to crime; out of desperation or ignorance and lack of opportunity. The more desperate some of the poorest become, the more angry and frustrated we all become, especially when crime begins to find our once quiet and peaceful neighborhoods. More police are being hired and more prisons are being

built than ever before. These too are increasingly being built and operated for profit by corporations on government contracts! As society, as America seeks to insulate itself from what it never can...

This political letter is starting to get to me, but I do want to give you a simple example before I go.

A company called Lee Jeans closes it's factory in the small town of Springfield Missouri, and lays off 3500 workers. Lee moves its factories to Thailand where the average worker making these jeans will only be paid \$1.40-2.00 a day. Sometimes the government even pays a corporation to do this. Why would they do this? Suppose paying Lee even when Lee **wants** to go to Thailand, is a good way to keep the Thai government stable. When the people are happy with their two-dollar a day jobs, they are less likely to overthrow their government, which we may like currently.

Still these 3500 workers back in Springfield are fucked; they really have nowhere to go but down. There are no other factories nearby or nationwide that need them. So what kind of jobs are they going to get now, to feed their families and pay the rent? Are they going to become computer programmers? Some have been making jeans for ten, twenty years. Burger King is hiring, but could they move to Thailand?

Whatever they do, they sure as hell aren't going to be coming to my nightclub, my shop or store to buy anything big, and I won't get that raise, I'll probably get fewer hours and hell the bar might even close for lack of business. Now do I have any money to bullshit with? Can I afford an American made vacuum, car or clothes? Not necessarily; as the god-damn vacuum made in Thailand is a hundred dollars less and I really need it for the dog hair all over my carpet. Yeah, I can afford to keep dogs; they guard my shit in my crappy hood while I'm out working.

Saint Jason loves his country, is heavily armed, and a binge drinker and no one likes what he writes. My



interests include: fighting, eating, working, sleeping, drinking, guns, sex, soccer, drinking, sleeping, a cool breeze on a summer day, guns and America. You may write me c/o UPSTART P.O. Box 10005 K.C. MO 64171

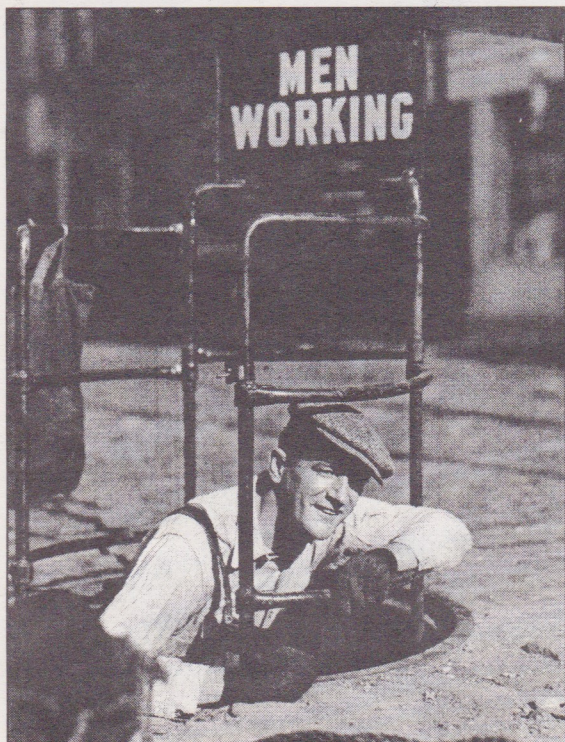
Don't be a fag, a red, a feminist, religious, Republican, Democrat, crazy, a Nazi, a racist, a Krishna or stupid.

By Saint Jason

Here's some fun among friends when yer all out drinking after a crappy work week. This game is extremely well known in this country and through the world. Here we call it "pass out with yer boots on", and it works best at house parties, but will work in a bar too if the conditions are right. That said: you might need duct tape, markers, super glue, paint, wire, mustard, razors, food and plenty of BOOZE!

Simply and gleefully do whatever you can to yer poor passed out friend without waking he or she up. but fer christ sakes kids, don't hurt or kill them. No fire....not funny....well, yeah it's funny but it will come back to haunt you. Paint is pretty cruel, but peeing on them is just plain stupid. Superglueing a penny to a marked up face is o.k., superglueing a penny to an eyeball is really not o.k..

Corey, a veteran of the sport, sez they once put green house paint on his buddy's legs, I didn't ask how come he was naked. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, they shave just one sideburn off, not both. In Chi-town they mark y'all, then maybe turn off the water to the house. I asked Lumpy, one of the local boozehounds, for a story, and I don't think he understood. just kept telling me how drunk I was and groaping his girl and stuff. I guess he's next. Tulemore Dew, So Smooth.



OUT NOW!



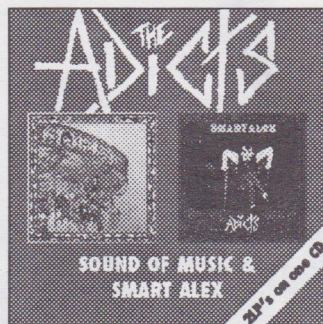
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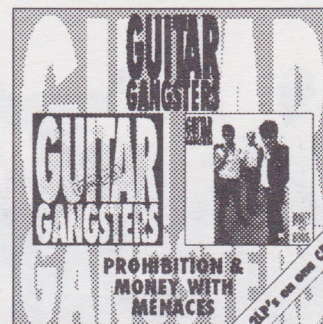
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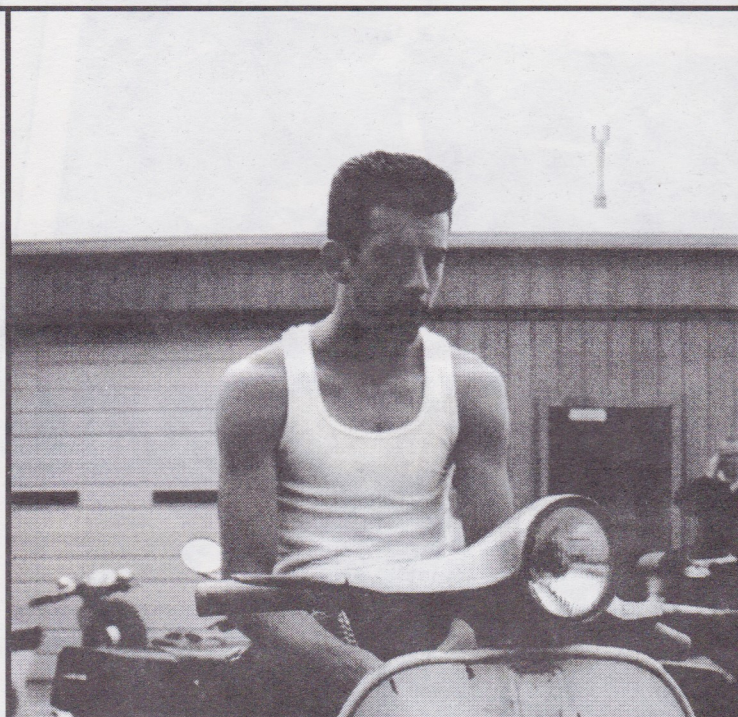
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due to good
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and a few
friendly locals.**



Members of Last Call of Atlanta relax (finally) after a very active weekend.

The rally united Scooter Clubs from all around including Originators S.C. of Lawrence, Hard Luck S.C. from St. Louis; Red Stripe 69 S.C. from Houston; Ace S.C. from Denver; King Beez S.C. from Omaha; Second to Last S.C. from Chicago; Fist City S.C. from Atlanta; an unknown Dutch scooter club and Kansas City's own Pistons and Pints S.C.



Local establishments welcomed rally goers with good Mid-western hospitality.

Like a swarm of locusts attacking an unsuspecting Kansas wheat field, the unwashed masses of the heartland descended on the quaint college-rock hamlet of Lawrence, Kansas.

Bald-headed desperados wearing flight jackets and blue jeans, and corn-fed wet dreams in too-tight micro minis draped their money-makers across a couple hundred pounds of hot vibrating metal.

Crews from Atlanta to Denver and Chicago to Oklahoma funneled off I-70 into Wilt Chamberlains old stomping ground for four days and three nights.

When the last hangovers wore off more than 110 of the faithful turned up, tuned up and knocked back a few dozen kegs of Boulevard Brewing Company's best and that sweet stout that made people call Arthur Guinness sir.

And when the rally rolled out, a quarter of a mile of scooters snaked through the main drags and back roads, their engines playing a symphony in the key of Vespa.

Wearing flight jackets and mini skirts, a few kegs of the sweet water that made Arthur Guinness a hero, altd mayhem and hot vibrating metal between their legs...

The third annual Memorial Day weekend Kickback and Relax Again road-rage, beer-guzzleathlon began Friday night at Jester's on Massachusetts Street as the different crews came into town. In addition to the Originators S.C. of Lawrence there were representatives from crews across the nation and around the world including Hard Luck S.C. from St. Louis; Red Stripe 69 S.C. from Houston; Ace S.C. from Denver; King Beez S.C. from Omaha; Second to Last S.C. from Chicago; Fist City S.C. from Atlanta; an unknown Dutch scooter club and Kansas City's own Pistons and Pints S.C.

The brewed bedlam stayed up to greet the dawn before the bash crashed at around 5 a.m. Saturday morning. Throughout the night the herd skanked, moonstomped, bumped and grinded to the scintillating steel wheel sensations and vibration of D.J. Christopher a.k.a. Shakes the Mod. Coffee and bagels woke the wicked Saturday morning, then later in Centennial Park the Boulevard Brewing Company of K.C. brought by a keg to help take the edges off the afternoon.

A few burgers later, the Originators sent the few and the proud on the Mission Impossible tour/scavenger hunt around

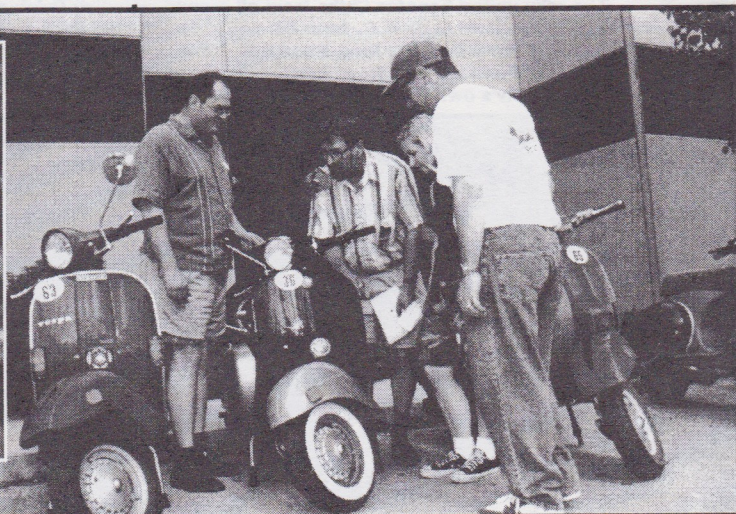
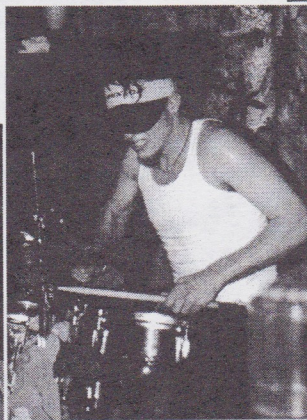
Lawrence. Along the way, scooterists answered campy tourist like; "Can you find any pussy at the Love Garden? If so what are there names?"

Next the rally rolled to the Bottleneck for a lasagna dinner, where Kara from St. Louis schooled the brave on how to play nine-ball.

Games were planned for back at the campsite. A few drunks did flaming burnouts where they coated sheet metal with gasoline, dropped a match and spun flame off their back tires. Devon from St. Louis, in the midst of inebriation liberation, kept the naked scooting tradition when he not only shared his native self with the world, but also ran through a spot of renegade flame on the ground.

After that and some impromptu wrestling, the games kind of petered out. "The games we had planned everybody got too drunk to do," said Lindsay, one of the organizers of the rally, "and we figured everybody would kill themselves and by that time people were partying and drinking."

Sunday brunch began at the Replay Lounge with pancakes and sausage, and bloody Mary and mimosa specials served up especially for the event by the bar while people nursed hangovers, played pinball



The rally was more than eyeing bikes. Shocks of Mighty was just one band that entertained during the weekend. Shown here at the Hijinx in Lawrence (far left, center); Sunday offered a 25-mile tour of the area that ended at the top of Well's Overlook (bottom left); and of course judging of the scooters is vital (above).

and bullshitted about how great the bikes are, were or will be.

After a final trip to the campsite the congregation lined up and took their parade of chrome, aluminum and steel on a two-hour 25-mile tour of Lawrence that went to the top off Well's Overlook (yes, some were pushed) and across Clinton Lake. Five breakdowns were tallied up by the time everyone rolled into the campsite.

Later everyone gassed up on soft tacos, fueled up their bikes and headed to the Hijinx for mod music, oi! and ska. The doors opened at 7 p.m. and the barflies buzzing until an hour passed midnight.

On the bill were The Whatgives and Kelly's Heroes from Lawrence, Last Call from Atlanta, Shocks of Mighty from Manhattan, Kansas, and The Bishops from Nebraska.

Man-d, a leggy, indyrock vixen from the Lawrence scene, looked too cute in a tight dress and thigh-high black leather boots not to interview. Though fall-down-drunk at the time of the interview, she said that the atmosphere and the music made the rally more than just another time to go out or just another show.

"I think it's fucking cool that all these people can get together and have a big blowout and get their scooters together," she bubbled.

"Wholemilk" Geoff from K.C. ended up in the doghouse with his girl after he had too much beer and too much fun and forgot to call home Saturday night, but he said it was worth it.

"For the first time I got to take my scooter out with a whole bunch of other scooterists and be loud and obnoxious and

hang out with other like-minded people," he said.

"It's just rare in this part of the country to get more than five people with scooters together. (The rally) was a vision of what could be happening in the future, sort of like a preview. Even though it was a small rally it opens up my eyes to what's out there."

Tom from Lawrence, the president of the Originators S.C., said that although their club wanted to see a bigger turnout, he heard no complaints from the scooter pilgrims who showed up.

"Nowhere in America can a skinhead drink so much beer, eat so much food and puke on two wheels," Tom said.

Fellow Originator Lindsay added, "It's a hell of a good time for everybody invited, and we got to see a lot of skinheads and scooterists from around the country that we don't usually get to see."

"And \$20 isn't bad for 6 meals, 5 bands and lots of beer."

In addition to the fact everyone had a good time, the whole weekend in Lawrence was drama-free. Aside from a few parking tickets, there was no hassle from the local boys in blue, only one person went to the hospital (broken bone) and no one got in a fight they didn't want to be in. Stewart Colgate, the owner of Hi-Jinx Lounge, has been an oi!/punk addict since the late 70s in England. In addition to the loot scooters sent his way at the bar, he was proud to see a part of his life take root two decades later in another country on another continent.

"The bad press - a la Jerry Springer and everybody else - give skinheads a bad name," he said. "They put a lot of money in

to a lot of bars around town. They're good, hard-working, working-class people.

"I think (the rally) probably changed a lot of people's opinion about skinheads. They're a lot of nice guys and girls."

The success of the rally prompted him to host The Best of Ska and Oi! Nights, in order to give skins, punks and scooterees a place to stay to call home. And because things went so smoothly, Stewart said he can also enjoy talking shit with club owners and promoters who won't book oi! or punk bands. "I'm right across the street from the police station and they didn't even stop over to say hi," he said. "Whenever there's a fight in this town, it's some hippie bumping into people."

"And you don't have to (say you're) sorry about somebody trying to smoke dope in your bar at an oi! show," he added.

He said Johnson County wanna-be rebels attended a sold out show the night before. "It was packed and they didn't tip for shit. With the skinheads, there's always a dollar in the tip jar. And if they spill something, they ask for a mop."

He said one of the owners of the replay Lounge told him that after the skins left his bar they had never seen their patio so clean.

"With skinheads, there's no prejudice. These people believe in their country. They're good, hard working-class people that like to go out and have fun."

"If my daughter was old enough, I wouldn't mind her dating one. I'd rather have my daughter bring home a oi! boy than a hippie any day."

After the rally was officially over, the Originators finished off the weekend, by laying a wreath at the Vietnam War Memorial on the University of Kansas campus out of respect to the nation's fallen. It wasn't really part of the rally or part of the fun. No one made any money on it and no one got drunk, until later.

Other bands on GMM:
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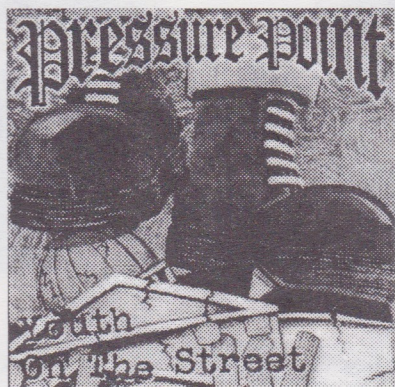
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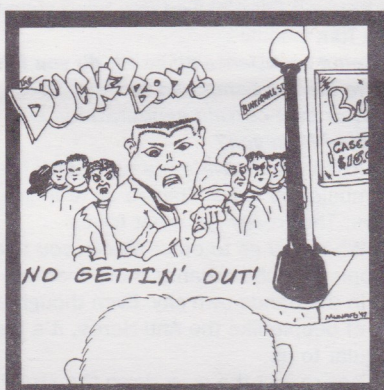
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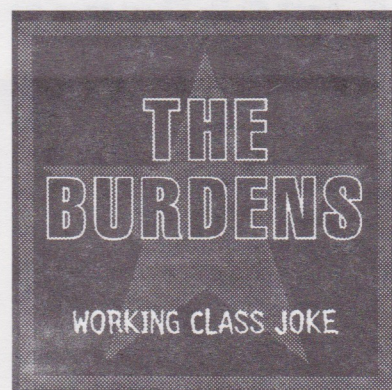
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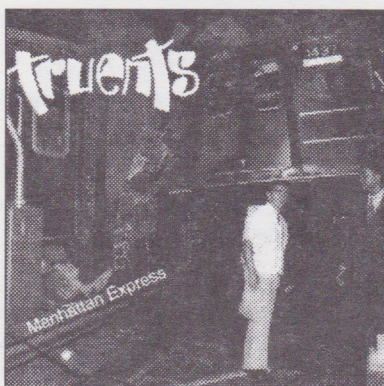
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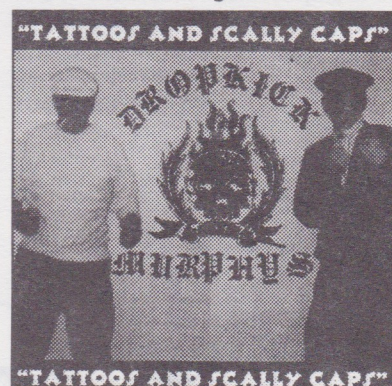
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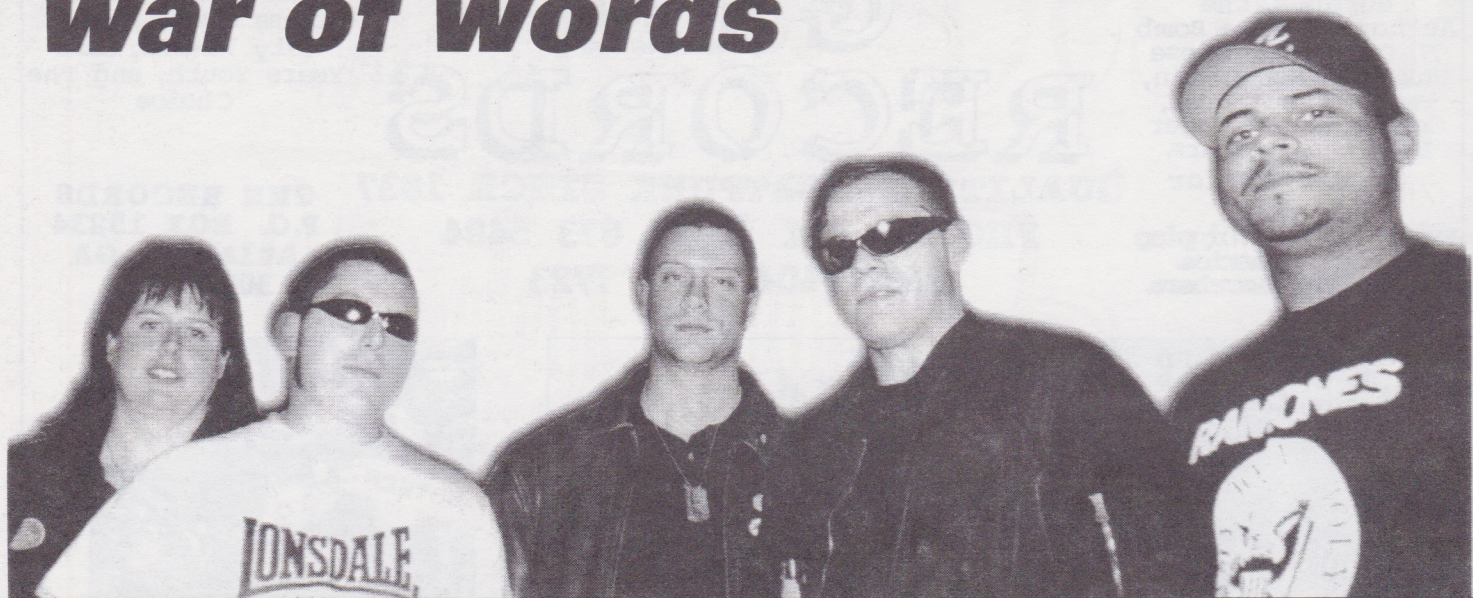
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war of words



Last Call from left to right Kay, Adryel, Pope, Filo, Marshall

LAST CALL

The 2nd "Oil...get back to work" was headlined by these killer boy's (and girl) of oil...Last Call. They tore up the stage at the Grand Emporium with their Southern flavored rock-n-oil. I interviewed them after their set and a couple rounds of pints. Interviewed are Marshall Law (M), vocals; Kay (K), guitar; Adryel (A), bass; Filo (F), guitar; Pope (P), drums.

A- This is all off the record right?
US- Can I get a little of the history of the band?

M- It started about two years ago, we all used to play in other bands, none of that worked out. So we got together and started doing some stuff.

A- We were all in other oil bands before this.

US- Names?

M- Me and Filo were in a band called the Automatics

A- Brickwall United

M- Kay and Pope played in a band called the Tork Daddies

US- Being an Atlanta oil band, do you feel you are always compared to the Anti-Heros, or that certain expectations are expected from you?

F- No, we don't. We are a different style of music you know. They're all real nice guys. They really go to bat for us.

M- When you go to other places you hear people talk about bands more than you do in the bands own city. Even though a lot of people like the Anti-Heros, it's just regular to us.

F- They're just the guys down the street.

M- We never expected to have stuff out so soon, we got that 7" out real fast.

F- That was thanks to them.

M- They hooked us up with our first show and they have really helped us out.

F- Even though it's a different kind of music, and quite frankly I don't think it's the kind of music they particularly care for.

K- They have been around so long, and with G.M.M., they get everybody to come around to Atlanta which makes the scene great.

M- I think it's more of a motivation factor, having a good band like that in your city. Cause you know when you play with them, you have to at least try

rock somewhat, ya know what I'm saying. You

feel the presence somewhat when you play other cities, playing your own city where every band is trying to be as good as the next.

US- So what are some of your influences? When you were playing I heard a wide range of diversity.

M- I gotta say the Ramones, because we try to keep that old style, that street edge in the music, music that you can dance to and not just go crazy.

F- I like the Dickies and the Toy Dolls.

K- All punk and oil!

A- My favorite band is the Jam, I like everything, Brit pop, oil!, Sham 69, Angelic Upstarts, Red Skins.

P- Influences...

F- I don't know if I would print this, earlier he said Peter Criss is an excellent drummer.

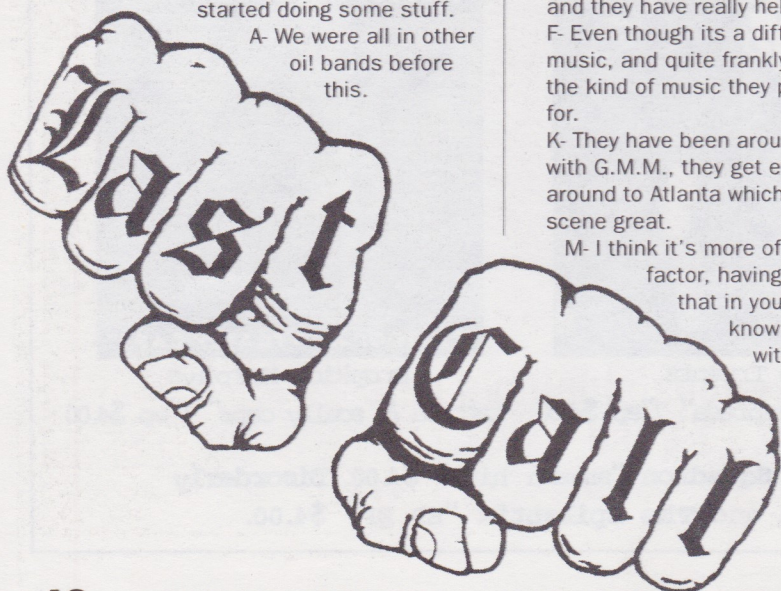
P- 4-Skins, Uppers, Business.

US- Lyrically what do you cover?

M- Mostly I try to write about stuff I see going on around me, how I think it could be improved, and the only way I see that things can be improved is if people work together. I write a lot of songs about people being unified, and about those people who are not unified. Some people would rather work to make things worse rather than better. Some songs are just about having fun.

US- With the recent surge of punk-rock, do you have any suspicions that oil is going to get thrown into the limelight with a thousand hangers-on?

M- I've thought about that a little recently, the one thing that I've tried to do is play straight up old school punk no matter what, cuz after a couple years they will all be out of it. I don't even really think about it. It doesn't matter to me if everyone in the world is wearing Doc Martens, I'm still gonna wear em'.



They'll all fall off one day and I'll still be kicking boots.

US- So what's the Atlanta scene like nowadays?

M- It's pretty big, we have a lot of diverse styles of bands. Atlanta is spread out, people come from all different parts. Ya got the city, ya got places just outside the city. We get a lot of people showing up at the big shows, and some shows people just come to see certain bands, overall the scene is getting better. People ask us everywhere we go about O.G.S. (Old Glory Skins), we're from the south so we are going to get those questions. In the city we have battled that hatred everyday. Were all down in the city, sometimes people show up from outside who don't know what's up. We don't have too many problems, people show up just to have fun.

US- So the scene is pretty united?

P- It's getting better, it used to be all fucked. But everybody is pulling together.

US- I'm sure since Atlanta has a well defined scene that you guys are able to avoid stereo types, but have you run into people who have already labeled you cuz of where you live?

M- We hear people saying stuff, but we usually end that really quick. Most people come down to Atlanta and they realize that they had a totally different picture in their head than the truth.

P- Most people just assume we are a bunch of stupid red-necks just cuz we are from the South.

M- In the city you have city folks and outside, no matter where you are you have...we're from the city, we're not a country band ya know what I'm saying.

P- We ain't pickin' no banjos.

US- So what can we expect from you in the future?

K- We got some songs on the DO-A-RUNNER compilation coming up.

A- With the Main Street Saints, the Templars and some others, we're breaking up after this show.

K- Radical Records is putting out an Exploited tribute we got some songs on there, we are also going to do a split 7" with the Sex Offenders on WOUND UP. Hopefully we will get a full length on G.M.M. later in the year.

A- That's this summer, right Mark?

US- Any closing words?

M- If any kids hear of any of our shows, come check us out. Try and get a copy of our record, I think it's something every one can relate to.

P- We're here for the beer, cheers.

K- Call us for shows, we want to play your town.



Last Call played "Oi!... get back to work Sunday" recently at the Grand Emporium in Kansas City.

olathe rocks!

Last Call's bogus journey

—by Sherwood Goodenough

It was the Thursday night before Memorial Day weekend and Last Call from Atlanta were about to begin the worst roadtrip of their lives.

After an uneventful but tedious 18-hour drive from home, the 7 person crew from Fist City were finally in the sunflower state. They came to Kansas for two shows and a Scooter Rally over the long weekend.

The Johnson County show was their first stop.

When they arrived, a crowd of 200 teenage kids waited in front of Gee Coffee for the show to begin.

Sharing the bill with Last Call were The U.S. Bombs, The Sex Offenders and Falling Sickness. Last Call was scheduled to go on third so they relaxed at the bar, listened to the bands and tried not to feel self-conscious about being the oldest people in the joint.

But basically things were quiet.

Too quiet.

The silliness began after a plain-looking, jock-rock rebel hit Pope, Last

Call's drummer.

The kid was moshing like a Lollapalooza veteran, letting out all that middle-class angst on the dance floor. Pope wasn't in the mood to get hit (repeatedly) by a kid with more cash than problems so he broke the kid down.

Diddy squatter

From stage right enter the villian, the mosher's "squatter" friend. The kid is a well-known nuisance. He's one of the growing number of unemployed rich teens from Johnson County who get dropped off at the malls in the metro area and complain. As the matter is pending litigation, lets just call our villian Richie Rich.

Richie, aghast at seeing his friend get decked, got brave and began invoking the name of "his boys" in repeated threats to Pope and the band.

Adryel, the bassist for Last Call, said the squatter kept hollering, "If you're fucking with my friends your fucking with me."

The band laughed, brushed Richie aside and took the stage.

They played for 20 minutes — all 20 of which sucked.

"I broke one string, I



fucked up the amp and the microphone stand didn't work," said Kay, the rhythm guitarist for Last Call.

Despite playing a disappointing set, the band looked forward to a weekend of drunken mayhem and fun at the scooter rally. So they went back to their van, relaxed and waited for U.S. Bombs to finish so they could get paid and back came Richie, spouting threats.

Richie, now delusional with fermented bravery, was claiming to be connected. In his threats he cited personal alliances with all K.C. squatters, gangsters, Lex Luthor, the U.S. Army Rangers and Jackie Chan.

"He wouldn't leave us alone, even though we told him to leave like 10 times," Pope said. "Then, he started poking me in the chest and I said, Hell no. So, I grabbed his wrist and told him, 'You need to leave, now.'"

Again, Richie went away, but not for long. As the band mulled around waiting to get paid, planning things to do with the evening and the weekend, the gears in the little "squatter's" mind were grinding.

Brawling Olathe style

Eventually, Richie's machismo caught up with his blood/alcohol level and he crept up behind Pope and Marshall's girlfriend with a skateboard. As the kid poised himself for an attack on Pope and the unsuspecting girl, Marshall spotted him.

For legal reasons, Marshall could not explain the details of what happened next. Suffice it to say Marshall tried to stop a problem from starting, but Richie was feeling brave.

"I'm trying to break this up and he's looking at me all crazy," Marshall said. "The dude was like, 'I'm going to kill you. I'm going to kill you.'"

"I'm not the kind of person to just fight somebody just for fun, but if somebody starts something with me - it's on," Marshall said. "I hate that it happened, but I had to do what I did."

One punch later the squabbling was over, but the storm of bullshit had only begun.

"He was on the ground yelling, 'Dial 911!'" Adryel said laughing.

Kay added, "Yeah, after he was telling us he was this gangster, he's on the ground calling for the police."

Then, as he lay crying on the ground one of Richie's boys, his homies, his gangsta-ruffian-thug-life-partners-in-crime stole his shirt.

Adryel was quick to point out that the incident had nothing to do with the cliché of skinheads clashing with punks.

"If any punks in K.C. know this guy they said they'll kick his ass too," he said.

But somewhere amid the hollering, the threatening and the tears of a clown, the police were called.

Protect and serve

In the richest county in Kansas justice

means that if anybody does anything then somebody goes to jail. Otherwise the frigid, frightened, valium addicted, stay-at-home-moms of Olathe might break away from Oprah, the internet and their vibrators long enough to vote down the budgets of their police departments

When the flashing lights came on, the crowd scattered.

Five members of the band went in the van. Marshall and his girlfriend took the truck. The van got away, but the police pulled Marshall over.

Now, the cops were presented with the age old question: Whether to arrest the rich white kid or the black, punk rock, musician from out of town. Guess which one Olathe 5-0 picked?

Marshall had to plead with the popo to keep his girlfriend out of jail.

To add to the already long list of joys that Last Call had discovered on their maiden voyage to Johnson County, Marshall was driving the truck with the scooters at the time of his arrest — all of which were impounded, which meant Fist City would be attending the rally sans scooters.

Lucky Marshall got all that Johnson County has to offer, except vasaline or a reach around.

From Friday night until Sunday at 10 p.m. Marshall experienced his first crack at

life behind bars until his grandmother in Atlanta sent him the bail money through Western Union.

In the crowded lock-up cell, Marshall was introduced to virtually all the smells a human body can produce, and the unique sensation of shitting in a room full of people.

The most ironic piece of the puzzle is that Marshall is known across the country as one of the nicest guys in the scene. He seeks to be a positive role model for the young black kids in his neighborhood. After his arrest he was talking about God with the guys in lock-up. He's like Atlanta's Ghandi of oil!

For defending his friends, Marshall got arrested, will now have to stand trial, and had to pony-up about five grand to Johnson County to get relieved from the hospitality of their corrections system.

On the up side, the crew got their scooters before the big scooter run and they played a blood boiling set for their Sunday night show in Lawrence. (See mid-America scooter rally on page 12.)

And despite his ordeal, the ever positive Marshall was still in a good mood Sunday night after he was released on bail.

"It wasn't that bad because nobody got hurt," he said.

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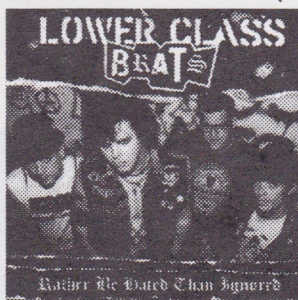
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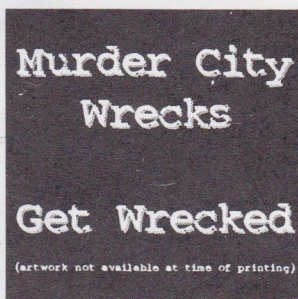
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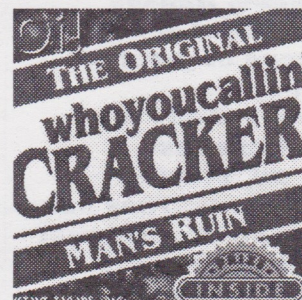
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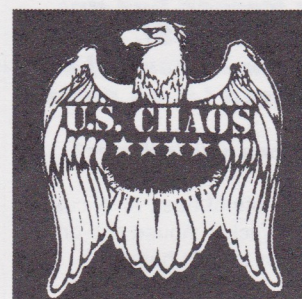
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Kelly's Heroes riled the crowd recently as part of the mid-America scooter rally line-up.

From Lawrence, Kansas comes the newest in a ever growing scene of great oil and punk bands... Kelly's Heroes. Kelly's Heroes performs fast aggressive oil, staying true to their roots. They have been ripping up the Midwest with their live shows and should soon find themselves in the studio. The Kelly's Heroes line up: Vocalist Syco Jay (S), Travis (T) on the drums, Dan (D) on Bass, and Jared (J) on guitar.

US- Why did you form Kelly's Heroes?

T-Boredom.

S-Beer..lots and lots of beer. An excuse to get out of the fuckin' house and drink.

T- Gotta make our friends happy somehow.

D-I needed to fill my basement up.

J- Jay made us.

US- I know Jay did nothing constructive

before this fucking band except swill beer. Have any of you been in other bands?

D- I was in Sick Bastards.

J- Travis and I were in Speed Dog Champion for awhile.

T- I left that band to go to St. Louis and play for Dogfight, which didn't work out. I moved back and that's when this started.

US- So this everybody's first oil band then?

T-Yeah.

S- I don't even like oil!

US- Then why are you playing oil?

S- Something to do...beer...lot's of fucking beer!

US-What are some of your musical influences?

J-We all have different musical backgrounds, so it's

like a mix of all kinds a shit, ya know. Dan's into all kind's of punk rock. Jared and I are mixing in what we both like. T- It's a lot more hard-core than oil!

US-Do you think the region has any influence on the style of music you play?

J- Were right in the middle so maybe we don't sound like anything.

S- Yes the Lawrence oil! style is different. We tried to go with...

T- We definitely don't sound like any other band in Lawrence.

US- Not to get away from the music but Lawrence has the booming freshcut scene, I know Syco Jay is



Kelly's Heroes are (from left to right) Jared, Syco Jay, and Dan; Travis on drums (above).

an old fart, but how do the rest of you feel about all the young kids running around your scene?

D- It's annoying.

J- It's a pain-in-the-ass sometimes, but it's good to see some enthusiasm from somebody.

D- Some of the kids are all right, but then you get the Johnson County Kids down there who's mom and dad pay for everything they have.

J- there is a big straight edge thing going on down there right now and those kids have way too much energy.

US- You guys actually have a scene down there as opposed to KC where we have 5 guys who sit around and go to shows every once and awhile.

S- We just got 15 guys to sit around, and they come listen to us play every once and a while.

T- Barbecues on the weekend.

S- It's all about Barbecuing and getting shot at on a Saturday night.

J- Your not alive until somebody shoots at ya.

US- So Lawrence being the big college town, do you find your self having to put those college boys in their place?

T- Most of the frat boys wont fuck with us.

D- The half-pint cowboys mother fuckers.

S- We got quite a few red-necks down there.

US- I heard you gave Riot Squad the boot out of your house.

D- It wasn't Riot Squad it was the band that was touring with them I can't even remember their name...I walked in and they were all sitting around my house drinking Keystone and I asked who brought the Nazi beer? One of the guys had a Celtic cross, but i didn't see it as a Celtic cross. I asked him what the fuck was up with that, and basically it exploded from there. The guy got all pissed off at me and I called him a Nazi and told him to get the fuck out of my house. And they all left. (Ed. note I got the full story a couple weeks after the interview. Riot Squad was only mentioned because the other band was so insignificant that nobody could remember their name. **The problem was not with Riot Squad.**)

US- Do politics play in any part of your music?

S- Yeah, kind of.

T- A lot of working class stuff.

US- What about the so called "Skinhead" political stance on racism?

S- We got a song about kicking the shit out of Nazi's.

J- We have two anti-Nazi songs, a song about fucking with the 2nd amendment.

US- If your not breaking down some secret code or anything, Break down P.B.R. for me. I know it's like a secret fucking...thing.

D- Pabst Blue Ribbon.

S- That's basically what it is.

US- Come on I know there is another meaning.

S- It just from some movie...

US- COME ON!! PATROL BOAT RIVER, TELL ME ABOUT IT!!!!

S- Just a bunch of gun toting skinheads, we go into the woods and blow the shit out of cans and bottle and loads of other useless crap.

T- Taking care of the mice.

S- Yes, the mice population is getting way out of hand in Lawrence.

US- What are you guys doing, where are you going, any plans?

T- We want to record a 7", and wait for someone to take us on tour.

US- No waiting...don't wait, take yourself.

S- we want to get big and stinky rich...fast, then all die of heroin overdoses in Dan's bathroom.

US- I should of done this when you guy's were drunk. Any last words.

J- We are a Lawrence oi! band...deal with it.

For booking info call 785-749-0210, 785-331-3208 or e-mail: syco@idir.net.

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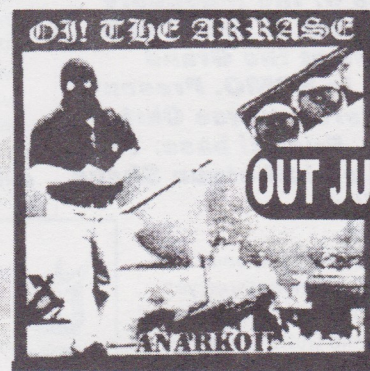
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Degeneration (from left to right) is Todd, Chris, Eric, Shotgun Shane, and Matt on drums (below right).

Degeneration have been carrying the oi! banner for the Minneapolis skinhead scene for over three years. A tough mix of traditional oi!, punk and hard-core have helped to stir things up wherever these guys play. I talked to them before they played one of the legendary "Oi!...get back to work Sunday" shows at the Grand Emporium in KCMO. Present for the interview was Chris (C) vocals, Eric (E) bass, Todd (T) guitar, and Shotgun Shane (S) Security.

that come with being an oi! band in Minneapolis?

T- Fuck Yeah.

US- Why?

C- Cause the MOB (Minneapolis oi! Boys) guys have wrecked everything in Minneapolis for skinheads.

T- Not to mention the fact that drawing a skinhead crowd always brings aggro to shows, fucking it up for an oi! scene.

C- It's a lot worse than that, cause they have beat up every punk in town. So they got the punks terrified, so punks want to have bands play cause they are worried about the MOB. They think every one is a Nazi.

US- You do a lot of songs about punk and skin unity, do you get a good mix of punks

and skins at your shows?

C- Yeah, generally.

E- Some towns, if there is more of a skinhead scene, more skins will show up, or punks in certain cities.

S- There's not a lot of problems with it either.

C- That's the whole thing, most of the guys who come out don't beat each other up.

E- We just want everybody to have a good time, stay out of trouble.

S- Drink a brew.

T- BEER!

C- Join together, beat up the government together rather than beat each other up.

T-...well until we leave, then beat each other up.

C- Fight the real enemy.

US- What encompasses the Degeneration sound, where do you draw your influences?

C- I would say, much of our influences come from real oi!, English oi!, Blitz, Last Resort...not the new Blitz cause they suck... 4-skins, Blitz, Cock Sparrer the classics. Most American oi! ain't that great.

US- Why?

C- Why? Cause its hard-core with skinheads playing it.

S- It's third generation shit.

C- It's like No Doubt being called a ska band.

US- Do you consider Degeneration to be a patriotic band?

C- Most people would say I'm a nationalist, I think this is our country...

T-I agree.

C- We need to take it back and

US-Why did you start the band?

C- It's been damn near three years, the whole point is there was no oi! bands...well the Guttersnipes.

S-the Subversives.

C-That's my point there were no oi! bands in Minneapolis.

US- So you got together to give Minneapolis an oi! band?

C-Yeah.

US- How many releases do you have out?

C- We got a demo in 95, the Blind 7" in 96, Oi! for the Kids in 97, a split with the Palookas (also from Minneapolis) in 98. Young Life is still waiting to be released. A couple of tracks on the Oi!...it's Street Punk comp from Helen of oi!.

US- So is there a lot of problems



change the government. So the kids who want to have individuality are free to do what they want. To have the cops beating people up and arresting people for no...I mean shit's changed in the last couple of years.

S- That's what *America Belongs To Me* is all about.

C- People forget that, this our country, not the governments, we are the government.

T- You have to realize, that they don't represent us.

S- It used to be that the government was here for us but now we are here for the government. Now were cannon fodder.

C- That's why we have a constitution, so they can't take all our rights away.

US- So what do you think of the state of the current skinhead scene?

T- Over all, everywhere...it's exploding, it's awesome!

C- Fuck yeah it's huge.

S- No, No, No, it's not as big as it used to be in he eighties.

C- But its getting bigger now.

S- Our scene in Minneapolis is shrinking...

C- Thank God...hopefully those fuckers will kill themselves off.

S- Everywhere else it's getting huge, the number of crews, it's all fuckin unified. In our city everyone is fighting each other.

T- It's true warfare, soap opera bullshit.

US- You wish it was like way back, when all the skinheads where together for one cause.

S- No cause...just together.

C- Politics didn't really matter, we would just hang out and be together, we all had one common thing, everyone was bald. And whoever was over 21 could buy the beer. Now a days it's like "you looked at my girlfriend, now your gonna get beat up" first of all your girlfriend ain't that good looking...

S- Your all at a party and everyone's getting drunk, and your kind of the new one around, then all of a sudden it's "you got a funny patch, your a Nazi" or whatever.... people being assholes.

C- Most of these who claim to be anti-racist are so fascist anyway, P.C. has overtaken a lot of shit.

S- There taking that P.C. shit to the fascism state. Yes we are not a P.C. band.

C- Yeah, I socked out the bass player of Propagandi in Winnepeg. I knocked him unconscious and I'm proud of it!

US- So I take it your not all into R.A.S.H. (Red Anarchist Skin Heads) or some of the other subgroups.

S- I think we are all pretty much anti-communist.

T- It's interesting and it's kinda' fun to hear that that's out there. They hold those ideals....

C- FUCK THAT!!! It's silly. The reason the Russian empire fell was because communism doesn't work, so why should

people in America...

E- In theory and on paper it works.

T- Nationally having one government deciding what your going to do, it's like slavery. It's failed time and time again.

S- That's why I can't understand why people would support that shit.

It's like skinheads supporting slavery...what the fuck man, why you gonna be a commie and be like that? We're all pro-

American and we're here doing what we want and that's about it.

C- That's the glory of America.

S- That's our country.

C- If those fuckers want to be a bunch of commies they can, cause they have the freedom to do that...but I don't want to hear about it.

S- Through their rights given by the constitution they are trying to take away our rights(?????).

C- And the P.C. dudes who hate skinheads for being skinheads should hate those guys, cause if they think they got no rights now man...commies are the



worst violators of human rights in the world, look at China.

US- Back to the music, have you had good experiences with playing out?

E- Brandon, Manitoba Can. the first time we played there was excellent.

C- We played in a little...I don't know what it was, a college meeting hall. There was like 350 punk rock kids there. Then we played there about 8 months





Degeneration did what every oi! band should do...make the people get up and shout. These boys shouted loud and clear at their show in Kansas City.

later and all the punk kids turned into metal heads, so it really sucked. Then we played with the Hanson Brothers in Chicago, they rocked, any band who can play three hours of hockey songs has got my support (*Ed. note: mine too*).

US- How far have you gone out, just the Midwest and Canada?

C- Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Omaha...

S- That's a fucked up crowd in Omaha, I'll go on the record with that.

C- Statues.

S- Wax statues just standing there.

T- I liked Omaha.

C- It was a cool town and a great place to play but no one danced.

T- Yeah they did.

C- They were going backwards, the only reason they were moving was cause big Jeff was knocking em' over while he was running through the pit.

T- When we were playing "America" there they were on stage, going fuckin' crazy.

C- That's cause I pulled them on stage, I wanted them singing.

S- The reason they wouldn't dance, they didn't want me to take out that fuckin' Mike guy who floored me like 6 times.

They think if we are going to slam we are going to kill them. And you got big Jeff, who falls down and takes like 8 people with him.

US- What was your worst show?

C- The Anti-Heros

E- By far...

C- No, the worst I ever had was in Appleton, Wisconsin. No body showed

up. We got there, there was no flyers, no advertising the chic running the door didn't even know there was a show. The bands on the flyer didn't even know they were booked for the show. We show and there are two kids sitting outside, we asked if they were there for the show and they said "what show?". So we got \$75 to drive 6 hours and practice.

S- We got some fireworks.

US- Has the band been in any all-out fights together during or after a show?

C- That time we were at Chickens in New Richmond.

T- That was beautiful.

C- This guy punched Greg, and the next thing I know I was jumping off a pool table on to his head. It was after the show and they were lippping off.

T- This guy had Greg in a headlock, and Chris took a running jump off a pool table, double booted his head, fully moonstomped him, then he grabbed a pool que, worked over some other dipshit.

S- The funny thing is, the bullshits done, the guy is bleeding and missing teeth, and he's outside still talking shit "come on bring it on".

T- Then another fuck came at me over a pool table...so I had to knock out his tooth.

C- I'd say that was a pretty good ruk.

US- Has there been any problems with other bands that you have played with, bands that might not like playing with skinheads?

S- Cedar Falls got canceled because they

found out we were skinheads.

C- Yeah, but that wasn't the bands fault. oi! is the last rebellious rock-n-roll and people see skinheads, and they have no idea what they think about...are they Nazis? Are they not? They don't even care about that. Their just terrified

"damn, there's five big dudes with tattoos and shaved heads" and their like, "lock up your daughters" and shit.

E- They get scared. There are skinheads and punks and they've heard about the violence. Once they sit down and talk to us and meet us everything is cool.

C- Then they really end up hating us.

S- Are you a three input or a two input.....

C- Ya gotta admit that was funny, that chic was dumb man. A dumb cheerleader broad, thinks every guy is gonna like her cause she's good looking. So what do I say...two or three inputs honey? She starts crying.

S- Her friends starts screaming..YOUR ONE INPUT, ONE INPUT!!!

US- So you run C-City Records?

C- Yup.

US - What got you to start that?

C- To be honest, I didn't want to make recordings and send my recording all over the country. There are a lot of kids who will take your recordings and put em' on a tape and sell it and then your screwed because they are going to make money and you are never going to find out about it. That way you got stuff that is going and you are helping the scene out. I did a zine and the record label, they (the bands) are

getting a chance to get exposure and I don't have to bow down to any commie bastard. Beer City Mike he's a fuckin' dork ya know, he rips off bands, he's a little rich bastard who's mom and dad paid for his fucking records and shit, ya know. We sent him a record to review, he said we were a pop band. Some chic busted a bottle over his head. She's like "I'll beat up a dude if you give me a t-shirt" I said all right go ahead, so she walked up to beer city mike and said "you called them skinheads a pop band?" He said "Yeah" and WHAMM busted a bottle over his. She walked back over to us "do I get my shirt now?"

US- Do you mainly work with other bands from Minnesota?

C-Yeah, generally. The Palookas are from Wisconsin but generally. Smashdown is a pop punk band, pretty cool though. They were never going to go anywhere, they had no direction. I said fuck it, ...a shot to give them a record and give them the chance at some exposure. Now I got some records on my label, it's not just my bands records, that helped. Smashdown got some exposure and I guess they have signed with a record label.

US- Do you see yourself, through the label and the band, trying to build the scene in Minneapolis?

C- I'd like to build the entire Midwest scene because the cults or fascists...

S- You try to unify the independents, and that doesn't really go so much for this drugged up crew shit that they got now, all strung out on crystal meth and doing stupid gang-banger shit.

US - Where's that?

S-Minneapolis, and now our thing is we are unifying all the independents and making a good brotherhood about the whole thing.

US- If their unified, then they aren't independents anymore, are they?

S-No they will still be independent.

T- We're not claiming any crew or anything.

S- We are just fuckin' friends.

T- Just hanging out.

C- They don't have to worry if they are going to a party.

S-"Are you crewed up!?" oh no, not even that...

C- Or it's, your a punk rocker, you're not welcome or you're a skinhead. We get that shit enough, it's just like, fuck that.

T- We've been getting "no skinheads allowed" at the punk shows kinda things. It sucks but some punk had to get knocked on his ass for it.

US- What are the future plans of Degeneration?

S- More dead bodies on the street.

C- We got offered some stuff with Rhythm Vicor Records, we will probably record that, they are out of England, part of PHD distribution. Supposedly we have a 7" coming out on Rude Girl Records. The vinyl is done, but there are no sleeves with the records. I'd like to do a full length album some splits. Splits kick ass, if you got four bands on a 7", ya each get a 3 minute song and the kids are like "Oh I've never heard of the Main Street Saints but I know who Degeneration is so I'll buy that" Then the get exposed to all the bands.

US-Closing comments?

C- Buy our records, and we need our own van, so anyone who would like to donate one to us. Band who want to do splits, lets get some shit going. Lets get the oil scene...and not the little kid oil scene, not the "hi I shaved my head today so I am a skinhead".

S- Shoutouts to every one in C.H.B.C.

C- I'd just like to say to any Midwest skinhead reading this...we are way badder than any "coastal" skinheads, if there was a big "coast vs. Midwest" we'd duke their asses, cause we are farmers. We'll back their ass right into the ocean.

S- Shoutouts to Mark in Florida.

C- Marky P., AK kid detail.

S- All the skins in Minneapolis, and people who come to our shows.

Contact Degeneration at 6066 Shingle Creek Parkway #127
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-Dutch

All Systems Stop Big Bad Bollocks Split (EP)

Boston is still producing some fantastic oi!! and Street Punk bands. All Systems Stop take the first side, reminiscent of old-schoolers the Uprise, *We Don't Belong* will get your fists stirring. Whiskey induced Big Bad Bollocks throw some Irish-folk-punk at ya with *Whiskey in my Tea*. Increasing the tempo is Mods and Rockers with classy snotty punk choruses. This definitely holds up to the Boston standard.

Flat Records, P.O. Box 7504
Quincy, MA 02269

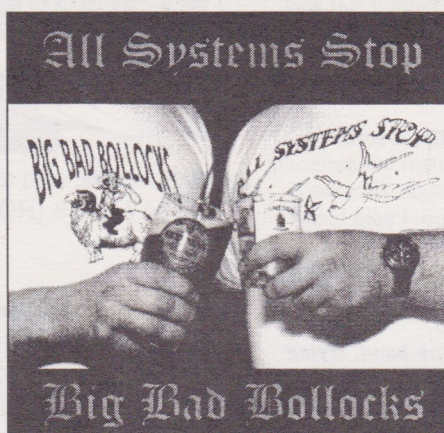
-Dutch

The Amazing Royal Crowns Name this track (CD)

Hot stomping Rock-a-billy. This is a fun CD. This four piece likes to go go go. None of it has to be played out of a vintage amp snob-a-billy thats been coming out lately. 14 tracks, not a one a dud. Reminds me of the Syk-o-billy that came out of England a while back... A must for a well rounded music collection.

Velvet Records, 740 Broadway
NY, NY 10003

-Brian Bomb



Angelic Upstarts Last Tango in Moscow (CD)

The thinking mans oi! band, the Angelic Upstarts, have been playing their unique brand of oi! and punk for over 20 years. And now you can get your grubby little hands on a fantastic re-release, with 8 previously unissued tracks. *Last Tango In Moscow*, previously released in 1984, is filled with the standard mark created by the Upstarts, melodic thought provoking tales of the working class struggle and solidarity that you can't but help to sing along with. A good mix of styles are present from "spoken" songs to high energy punk rock. The Upstarts are an acquired taste, given a chance you'll be a fan for a long time to come.

Captain Oi!, P.O. Box 501,
High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA.

-Dutch

Anti-Heros Dropkick Murphys 1998 American Street Punk Title Bout (Dbl EP)

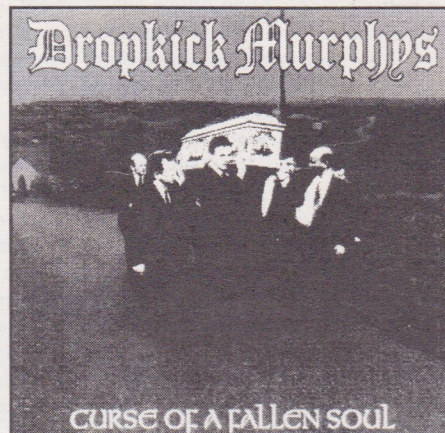
The Anti-Heros play their hardened brand of American oi! on the first of two 7"s in this kick-ass double release. They open with a new one *Rich People Don't Go To Jail* and finish with a live cut of *Election Day*. If you haven't heard the Dropkick Murphys by now, you obviously spend way too much time touching yourself where you pee. They redo *The Road of the Righteous* and also a killer cover of the *Guns Of Brixton*. The real question is, what will they sound like with Al Barr from the Bruisers taking over vocals. Only time will tell. (See review page 27.)

TKO Records, 4104 24th St, 103
San Francisco, CA 94114

-Dutch

Bristols Lifestyles of the Poor and Unknown (LP)

You've heard the word "streetpunk"



before, well the Bristols are the textbook definition. Hard driving punk played through a haze of anger and *Milwaukee's Best*. Working class revenge to pills and alcohol, the Bristols cover more than the average drunk punk. Well played and good production make this album all the better. "We can't live today and survive tomorrow on yesterdays wages."

Beer City Records, P.O. Box 26035
Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035

-Dutch

Catch Twenty-two "Keasbey Nights"

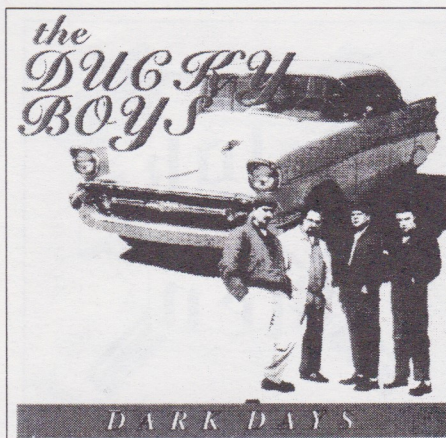
OK there's a chapter in Joseph Heller's book, *Catch 22*, that reminds me of this CD. It's chapter XLI (thats 41 in that Roman Stuff). In this chapter Snowden, a side gunner in the bomber, gets shot. When they open his flight jacket his guts spill out and mix with the spent casing on the floor. I would rather have what happens to Snowden happen to me, than ever listen to this piece of crap again!!!! Also you should read *Catch 22* by Joseph Heller. You can probably pick up a copy in paperback cheaper than the CD. The book at least has some thought and insight of this thing you call life.

Victory Records, P.O. Box 146546
Chicago, Illinois 60614

-Brian Bomb

Cock Sparrer Two Monkeys (CD)

So I'm at work, playing this and one of the girls I work with spits out "who is this" I tell her it's Cock Sparrer, and she says "it sounds like Ozzy Osborne doing pop punk." Well I didn't know what to say after that other than shut the fuck up! What can be said about Cock Sparrer that hasn't been said before. This new release that hit the streets after a fleet of re-releases features 13 new tracks from this stand-up oi! outfit. Cock Sparrer hasn't changed much, they have held fast to the pop oi! sound that they are known for. *Bats Out* is one of the choice



tracks as well as *Anthem*. Someday by the grace of God they might actually play within a 500 mile radius of K.C., but I'm not holding my breath.

Rotz Records, 2211 N. Elston Ave.
Chicago, IL 60614

-Dutch

The Cuffs

Death by the Bottle (EP)

Opening up with a great intro then piss pounding their way into *Gonna Do it My Way*, the Cuffs set the pace for what is to be expected. Fast, aggressive oi! with the spite of youth backing it up. They have a ways to go in the lyric department, but I'm sure we will be hearing from them in the future.

Headache Records, P.O. Box 204
Midland Park, NJ 07432

-Dutch

Degeneration Palookas

Split (EP)

Degeneration claims the first side of this split and they open it up with *Boots and Braces Studs and Chains*, saying it like it is. A good mix of hard-core and oi!. Keep an eye out for these guys (literally). The Palookas unleash a blistering attack on the B-side. Good old fashioned pogo punk, songs about violence, sang with a smile.

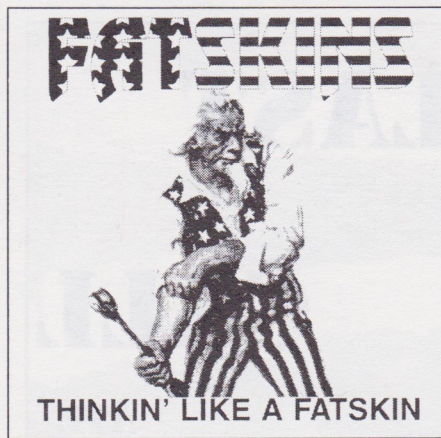
C-City Records, 6066 Shingle Creek Pkwy. #127
Minneapolis, MN 55430

-Dutch

Dropkick Murphys

Curse of a Fallen Soul (EP)

I said only time will tell a couple of reviews back about the Dropkicks with Al Barr on vocals...Unfuckingbelievable!!!! Here we have a preview of what is to come from the nation's hardest working street punk band. Barr must have put the band into high gear with his arrival, the Dropkicks have gone from zero to 110mph, accelerating through five outstanding tracks. The cut and run title track *Curse of a Fallen Soul*, to be featured on their next full length release keeps the Dropkicks standard fare of a sing-along "intr-ode" then bursting into an aggressive melee of powerful street punk. Followed by *Going*



Strong, a track about the resurgence of punk and oi! and those who are carrying the banner.

TKO Records 4104 24th St. #103
San Francisco, CA 94114
Hellcat Records 2798 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90026

-Dutch

Ducky Boys

Dark Days (CD)

Ahhh, the Ducky Boys with their killer double vocal approach, have released another CD. One of Boston's most under-rated bands, having to compete with the Dropkicks and consuming the fading light of the Bosstones, the Ducky Boys are finally having their say. Punk rock fused with good time rock-n-roll from the 50s is how I describe their sound. One thing, the Ducky Boys got their name from the Irish Gang who lived in Hell's Kitchen in the movie *The Wanderers*. But suspiciously they show the Baldies, a rival gang, on the back cover, I think they might be international spy's playing both sides, hmmm.

G.M.M. Records, P.O. Box 15234
Atlanta, GA 30333

-Dutch

FatSkins

Thinkin Like a FatSkin (CD)

This CD opens up with a killer chant-a-long *Fatskin Hooligans*. Heavy chopping guitars in the style of NOFX, with melodic choruses. These guys would have fit in great with Stars and Stripes, the vocalist even sounds like Choke. Too much time was spent in the studio though, the production is way too clean, taking some of the grit away from these patriots.

Step 1 Music, P.O. Box 21 Tenterden
Kent TN30 7ZZ U.K.

-Dutch

Guitar Gangsters

Prohibition/

Money with Menaces (CD)

Guitar Gangsters, one of the lesser known Brit Pop bands, has reemerged. A cross between the legendary Crack and America's own Ramones, the Guitar Gangsters play tight melodic blend of pop and punk with an edge. Two previous releases compiled together in this package



give you a good taste of what else was in punk rock's past.

Captain Oi!, P.O. Box 501
High Wycombe Bucks, HP10 8QA.

-Dutch

Four Letter Word

A nasty piece of work (CD)

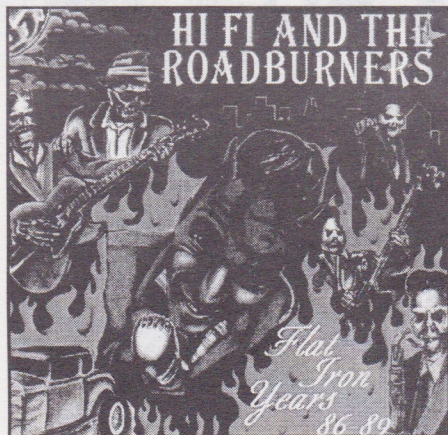
Four Letter Word covers the spectrum of punk, from jingly jangly pop to emo, then on over to hard-core. I really got into the harder tracks, and I ground my teeth on the ones in between. Welly, Welly, Welly, I gotta tell ya some people just weren't meant to "sing", growl sure, bark yes but sing, no. Welly kicks ass all over this release until he slows things down and recalls his years

Crash and Burn



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in the choir. One thing I really liked about this was the lyric sheet, there are quotes before each song that relate to the lyrics, nice touch.

BYO Records, P.O. Box 67A64
Los Angeles, CA. 90067

-Dutch

Gobsmakt You Wot! (CD)

This CD is hit and miss. An aggressive oi!/punk mix that sounds much like Oxymoron and the Oppressed. Gobsmakt mixes things up a bit, with the ska induced *Politicians* and *TV Cops*. A couple of stand out tracks *Yobsmakt* & *They Don't Know*, the rest is pretty unmemorable.

Step One Music, P.O. Box 21
Tenterden Kent TN30 7ZZ U.K.

-Dutch

Hi-Fi and the Roadburners Flat Iron Years (CD)

This fucker smokes! Kicking out the never stale old time rock-n-roll. Hi-Fi deals out some serious jump, swing, rockabilly and blues. This is a collection of recordings from 1986 to 89, and they sound better than any new band during this current revival of roots rock. Hi-Fi are still putting out fresh tunes and this is just as good, if not better than there recent releases.

Victory Records, P.O. Box 146546
Chicago, IL 60614

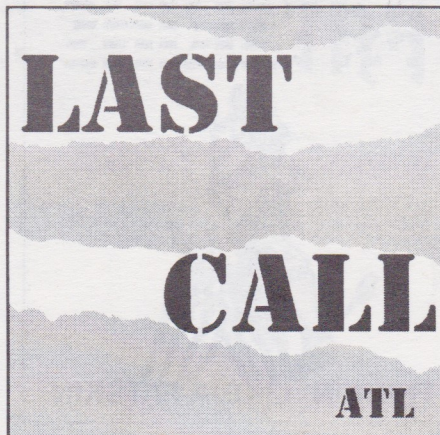
-Dutch

Keltoi! Casco Vello (CD)

Keltoi! (Greek for "Celtic") have released their debut CD on Bronco Bullfrog and this is definitely a keeper. Hailing from Galiza, Spain, these not-so-newcomers to the scene are carrying a message, and you will understand it! 12 outstanding tracks (5 languages) of political inspired oi! led by powerful guitars playing a classic oi! groove. An outstanding cover of Cockney Rejects *Power & Glory*.

Bronco Bullfrog, Apdo. Co. 1474
07800 Ibiza (Balears), Spain

-Dutch



Last Call Atl. (EP)

Ramones x oi!= Last Call, aggressive poppy oi! in the vein of punk from the years gone by. Melodic lead guitar, great catches and good vocals give this band their own platform in a crowded Atlanta scene. A great drinking album featuring songs about the way things "used" to be.

G.M.M. Records, P.O. Box 15234
Atlanta, Ga 30333

-Dutch

Moloko Men Moloko Men (EP)

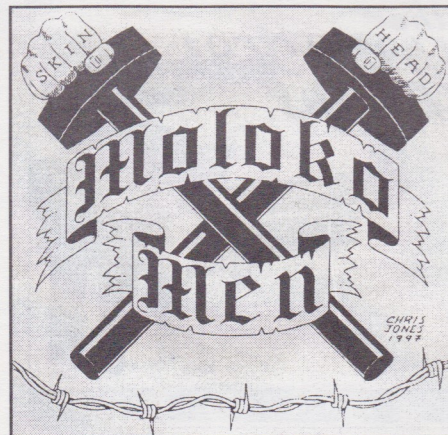
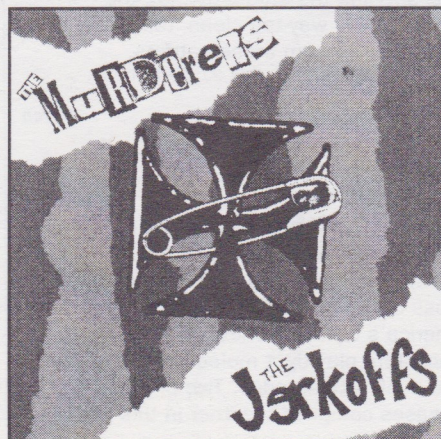
Powered by anger, the Moloko Men drive their clockwork fueled score right into the yarbles of the illaquaainted listener. With fast paced hard hitting riffs and vocals that lead you into chanting choruses, you can barely keep this off the turn table. The Moloko Men have claimed the ultra-violence and intend to keep it.

Vulture Rock Records, P.O. Box 40104
Albuquerque, NM. 87196

-Dutch

The Murderers/The Jerkoffs Split (CD)

White-trash-blues guitars, played at a furious pace & screaming, squelching, old snotty ass punk vocals with the best F.B.A. (fake British accent) I've heard in awhile lead the rampage set by the Murderers. The Jerkoffs follow, disappointingly. This three piece plays fast standard punk, that could blend in against the great wall of



punk rather than stand out. However, well worth the cash for the Murderers alone.

Beer City, P.O. Box 26035
Milwaukee, WI. 53226-0035

-Dutch

Pist-n-Broke The Last Call 1992 to 1996 (LP)

A collection of tracks spanning from 93 to 95 is all right here in one kick-ass collection from one of the most under-rated oi! outfits in the states. Pist-n-Broke covers every base in the oi!/punk/ska genres and they pull it off with style. Once you think you have the Pist-n-Broke's sound pegged, they turn on you and throw a whole new fist of music your way. Find this fuckin album, you will not be disappointed!

Vulture Rock Records, P.O. Box 40104
Albuquerque, NM. 87196

-Dutch

Pressure Point Youth in the Street (CD)

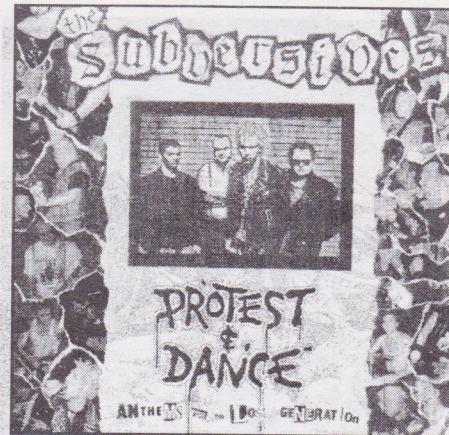
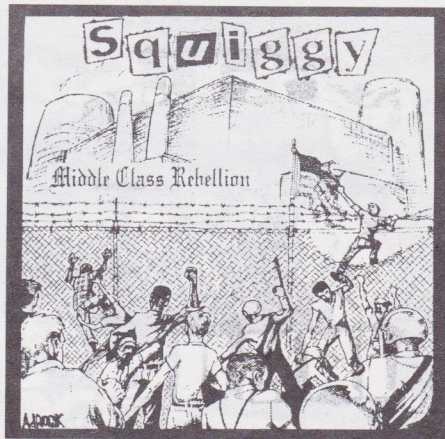
Hard as nails oi!!! This CD opens up with fury in *Hearts of a Lion*, This track was featured on the "Get a Boot" compilation, (I assumed they would of done this with Hellcat, but I guess they kept with their skinhead roots and did it with G.M.M.). Followed by a pumped up version of Angelic Upstarts *Never Ad' Nothin'*. The whole thing is outstanding in my book. One song I could of lived without was *Blue Collar*, but I'm not holding it against them. If you like the Working Stiffs you'll love these guys.

G.M.M. Records, P.O. Box 15234
Atlanta, Ga 30333

-Dutch

Rancid Life Won't Wait (CD)

OK you want to know what I hate? Tired ska bands with no talent who are just a band to ride the "3rd Wave". What I'm getting at is that so many bands have like one good song and you buy the CD and give it a listen... FUCK what a waste of money!!!!!! "Life Wont Wait" is not that. You should have to pay twice for this album!!!! It's smart lyrics assault your mind, while the music moves your soul!!!!!! Here it is the low down on the BEST did I say BEST? I mean the FUCKING Greatest 22 tracks put down



on plastic in a very, very long time.....OK lets get this out of the way! You will here this a lot. RANCID = CLASH / "Life Won't Wait" = "Sandinista" Blah, Blah, Blah... that crossed my feeble little mind but so what? "Sandinsta" is one of the best albums that's in my collection. It took me years to really appreciate "Sandinista". (A long cross country road trip with my parents who only listen to AM news channels, and me with only like 5 tapes, "Sandinsta" being one), "Sandinsta" being a thinking punks LP. You will appreciate this album in the same way if you are a Clash fan like me, but if you are looking for "Out Comes the Wolfs" part 2, It's here buried in there or should I dare say mixed in with new ingredients.

Every song on this masterpiece racks your brain. It makes you think about everything from Bosnia, Youth Violence, and how stupid lawmakers and red-necks in the South are. The music keeps you going with different attacks against your internal rhythm box (hit me with you rhythm stick, agh, I hated that song). This album has been influenced by so many styles and bands. I hear the Clash, Specials, The Jam, Soul, Blues, and fucking Rock and Roll... Lots of guest singers, Bosstones's Dicky Barret, HepCat Crew and lots of others. the one thing it's missing is a lyric sheet.

Well I guess I can't think of more cliches for you to describe this CD. I think it is incredible and should be nominated for Rolling Stones Top 100 Records of the 90's. It should be Number 1 Just like the Clash's "London Calling".

Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90023

-nough said Brian Bomb

Splodge In Search Of The Golden Gussets

Somehow, somewhere, one of this band's songs always ends up on an oi! compilation. And at one time or another you've sang along, laughed along or been completely annoyed. This is a re-release of the 1982 In Search Of The Golden Gussets. Geriatric Brit glam-punk with an insane sense of humor. These "lads" added wit to the punk culture of the 70's

and produced some great drinking tunes in the process.

Captain Oil, P.O. Box 501
High Wycombe Bucks, HP10 8QA.

-Dutch

Squiggy Middle Class Rebellion (EP)

First things first, this is a huge improvement over their last record.

5 tracks of pure Jersey oi!, four chord progressions stretched to the limit. What is it about songs with "Johnny" in the title that make them better than songs with "Larry"? Who knows, who cares? Johnny is

definitely my favorite with a catchy chorus and classic blues induced oi! (that'll always win me over).

Headache Records, P.O. Box 204,
Midland Park, NJ 07432

-Dutch

The Subversives Protest & Dance: Anthems for the Lost Generation (CD)

Fuckin punk-rock baby... The Subversives from Minneapolis are pushin' out some great punk in the vein of The Exploited. Loud coarse vocals laid over machine gun guitars. "All we got is a losing

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THE TEMPLARS... 1118 - 1312



hand, so don't try to understand, Patronized and labeled again, But we're gonna fuckin' win!". Great catches throughout and originality in an often stale genre. Well worth the buy.

Step 1 Music, P.O. Box 21
Tenterden, Kent TN30 7ZZ U.K.

-Dutch

Templars 1118-1312 (CD)

One thing I have to get off my chest, the Templars sound nothing like Skrewdriver. I have heard the comparison way too often. Hell, before I listened to much of the Templars I caught myself saying it. Templars play straight forward, consistent oi!. Nothing more, nothing less. The Templars sound is distinctive, jangy guitars, heavy snare, powerful vocals but not overpowering. This release is all that. Stand-out tracks are *Land of Morning Glory* and *Skins And Punks*.

Do a Runner/Go Cart
P.O. Box 23523, Brooklyn, NY 11202-3523

-Dutch

Templars Dans Les Catacombs (LP)

If you could only own one Templars album, this should be it. A compilation of past and present Templars songs. All of my favorites are present from *Subculture Kids* off of the 1994 "Oi!... it's a world invasion" a great rendition of *Teenage Warning*, the addictive *Skinheads Alright* from "Super Yobs Vol. #1", and the *Sixties Are Over*. This release says a lot for the Templars talent and dedication to the music and the life-style.

Vulture Rock Records, P.O. Box 40104
Albuquerque, NM. 87196

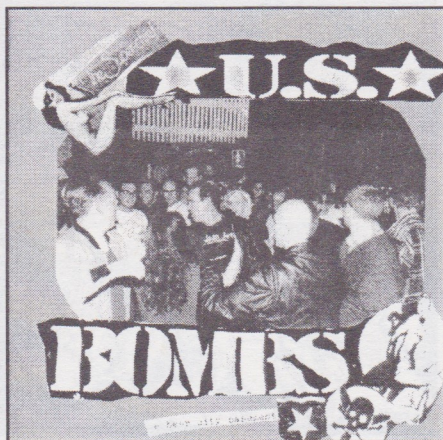
-Dutch

Tough Skins Set Things Straight (EP)

Hard, fast, relentless and no heart whatsoever. I can't tell if these guys are skins or just named their band after an old line of children's clothing. The production blows, leaving emptiness in all the tracks. Silly lyrics, 60-second songs, nothing original.

Hardline Records, P.O. Box 21102
Tampa FL 33266

-Dutch



The Unruly The Unruly (LP)

This band fuckin' stomps. Aggressive oi! at its peak, taunting guitar riffs, mean-ass vocals and intimidating backup and rhythm. Clean sound and killer production assure that nothing gets in the way of Unruly's assault on any meek listener. These boys from New York got that oi! rock-n-roll thing down, avoiding the oi! "clone band" mentality and style.

Vulture Rock Records, P.O. Box 40104
Albuquerque, NM. 87196

-Dutch

U.S. Bombs A Beer City Basement (EP)

Every Time I listen to U.S. Bombs, I picture some drunk punk kid slurring the words as he's walking home from another girl-less night of drinkin'. It's perfect "down and out" punk-rock blues, and these guys make it work. Slow progressive melodies, old school styling and sing along choruses.

Beer City Records, P.O. Box 26035
Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035

Vexation Dia Art Zu Leben (EP)

A good outing from these boys, straight forward oi!. The production quality is weak though, taking away from what could have been an outstanding release. Good song structures, not typical oi!. Too bad I don't speak the damn language.

Moloko Records
Lindenallee 76, D-45127 Essen

-Dutch

The Wretched Ones Tributes Suck (EP)

Here are four songs for you that were for supposed to be for someone else, make sense? Featuring 4 "Tribute" songs that never saw the light of day so the Wretched Ones decided to release a tribute to tributes. Tributes Suck! Wretched Ones none the less, drunk rock-n-roll played at its peak, with their own "special touch" on four classics(?).

Headache Records P.O. Box 204
Midland Park, NJ 07432

-Dutch



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V/A-Back Streets of American Oi! Unreleased Anthems (CD)

This fucker opens up with the Broken Heroes doing *Skinhead Rock-n-Roll*, and the song sets a hammering pace for the rest of the bands on the CD. This CD showcases some of Americas best oi! bands, namely the ones who have broken away from the standard hard-core American oi! sound and gone the more traditional route. Originally released in '95 some of the bands on this compilation have moved on and others are still kicking harder than ever. Featuring Patriot, the Sussed, Wretched Ones, Those Unknown, Niblik Henbane and 20 others. A good collection of American oi!.

Step One Music, P.O. Box 21,
Tenterden Kent TN30 7ZZ U.K.

-Dutch

V/A 100% British oi! (CD)

40, count em' 40 oi! classic's from 40, yes, count them, 40 oi! bands in this double CD collection. Unlike many oi! comps that basically rehash previous oi! comps, this has plenty of hard to find material, some well known and some not at all. Ranging from ABH to the WARRIORS (and in alphabetical order at that). For those of you still educating yourself on oi! music, or if your trying to beef up your collection, this is definitely for you.

Captain Oi!, P.O. Box 501,
High Wycombe Bucks, HP10 8QA.

-Dutch

V/A Oi!...it's Streetpunk! (CD)

Helen of oi! has put together some fine bands spanning the world for this new release. GUTTERSNIPE opens it up with two hammering tracks that are damn near perfection. Other stand-outs include DEGENERATION, BRASS TACKS, ZERO TOLERANCE and the STOUTS with what could-someday-be-a-classic *Smash the Raves*. A great CD if your looking for some new bands.

Helen of oi! Records, 35 Becton Lane
Barton-on-sea, New Milton, Hampshire
BH25 7AB, England

-Dutch

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